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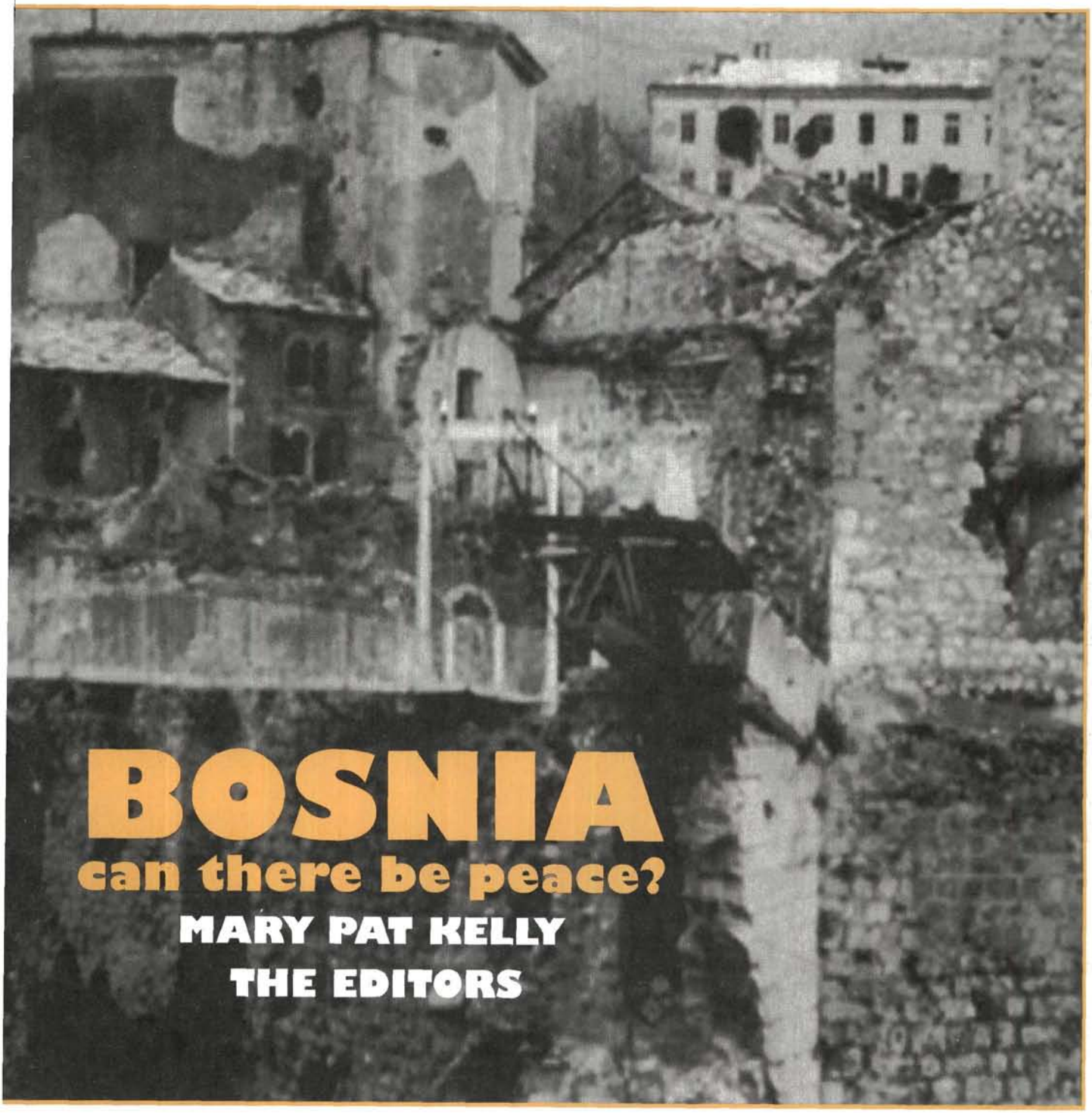

BOSNIA
can there be peace?

MARY PAT KELLY
THE EDITORS

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To the Editors

Health care is a right

Your HMO consultant on medical care, Christopher Koller, states that "access to health care should be a fundamental right for U.S.citizens" [December 1, 1995]. Just so. But that isn't the case at this time, and it is just this sort of ethical question that drives an increasing number of United States physicians to join Physicians for a National Health Program. Insurance companies and HMOs are understandably opposed to a single-payer system. But it will happen. Trust me.

BENEDICT J. DUFFY, M.D.
Hingham, Mass.

Problems of HMOs

Working as a health professional in an inner-city primary-care office serving families, it seems to me that Christopher F. Koller, who works for a health maintenance organization, pays little attention to some of the problems I see in my practice. He does mention HMO-related complaints about reduction of choice among providers and difficulty in obtaining approval for referrals, but negates these charges on the ground that they are "often driven by anecdotal evidence."

He does not mention the glaring conflict of interest involved in capitated plans (where primary-care physicians agree to provide services to a defined population for a per-person annual fee). Apart from a recent piece in *Newsweek*, this problem rarely receives attention.

To put it in simple terms: If our family practice receives $132 a year each to care for Mr. X, Mrs. Y, and Child Z, there is a strong incentive to keep them well but there is also a strong incentive not to refer them to specialists or to other services because the costs will come out of the physicians' financial pot for the year. Suppose Mr. X needs to see a cardiologist, Mrs. Y is healthy but needs a mammogram, and Child Z needs to be hospitalized for severe asthma. I work with ethical and caring physicians who would never hesitate to refer for such needs. But I often see new patients, such as a sixty-three-year-old woman last week, who told me she had never had a mammogram "because my doctor told me it wasn't covered by insurance." In fact it was covered, but by ordering it, Dr. A would have made a little less money that year....

A majority of our patients are on welfare and receive Medicaid. As more of them are moved to HMOs, the question of finding conveniently located specialists looms large. Many have small children, few have cars; often we find that the specialist they can see on their plan is located more than an hour's bus ride away and involves two or three transfers. Would *Commonweal* readers attempt such a trip in January holding a small child in each hand and waiting for daytime buses running once an hour or so?...

Mr. Koller's article talks of reforming health care. What we really need to reform is health insurance. I think the only answer is single-payer national health insurance based on the Canadian model but with modifications to fit the United States. With almost 30 percent of every health-care dollar now spent making insurance companies rich, it's time to take a new look at our real health-care needs with a view to making quality health care accessible at reasonable cost to all Americans.

LAURA RYAN CALDWELL, R.N., B.S.N.
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Well said

"*Responsum dubium*" [December 1, 1995] is superb—wonderful, eloquent, memorable. I think it may be the best piece of rhetoric yet from the editors. The severe tone is most proper, and the repeated hope that the authorities shared the agony is manifestly effective.

On infallibility: I am convinced that Vatican I *et sequentia* got it fundamentally wrong. The Vatican I theologians were in a Cartesian spell, within which the only "truth" is some propositional statement—but that has to be wrong for a church....Those Roman fellas are doing bad things.

DENNIS O'BRIEN
Middlebury, Vt.

Talking down to the pope

When I read your editorial, "*Responsum dubium*," what came to mind was the September '95 editorial in the *New Oxford Review* titled "Down the Old Schism Trail." From the whole tone of your piece, it's not some unidentified Americans but you yourselves who have a "readiness to treat his [the pope's] teaching office as purely advisory." From the way you speak down to the pope and treat him like a child caught in some awful misconduct, you make me think that the keys of the kingdom were given to *Commonweal* and not to Peter and his successors....

GEORGE P. MORIN
Jefferson City, Tenn.

A liberating edict

According to the Word of God, as interpreted by Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, women cannot be priests. We are now official outsiders. No waffling here: Unlike leaders of other patriarchal Christian churches, the Catholic authorities have put their cards on the table. The community has said that we cannot be part of the power structure, that we are not allowed to practice birth control, and are fated to fulfill our role as nurturers.

As women, then, we are like Jesus and his followers: We are not accepted by the Temple authorities. Only men are worthy to celebrate the Eucharist and make decisions. This gives us tremendous freedom to follow our own spirituality. We have no

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power, we are free at last.

CAROL DELLMANN ANDERSEN
Silver Lake, Ind.

Infallible? Check it out

Your comments on the "*responsum*" issued by the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith on women's ordination strike me as being measured, thoughtful, respectful, and truthful. It may be helpful to your readers to recall previous statements by five authorities dealing with the criteria for infallibility.

Francis A. Sullivan, S.J.: "Subsequent reception [by the church] does not confer infallibility on the act of the magisterium, but it provides infallible confirmation that an infallible definition has taken place" (*Magisterium*, Paulist Press, 1983).

Bishop B.C. Butler: "If a [papal] definition failed in the end to enjoy such a 'reception' on the part of the church, this would prove that the definition had not in fact met the stringent requirements for an *ex cathedra* pronouncement" (*London Tablet*, 225 [1971] and 231 [1977]).

Yves Congar maintained that only the church as a whole, including both laity and hierarchy, constitute an adequate subject for receiving revelation (*see*, William Henn, "Yves Congar, O.P.," *America*, August 12, 1995).

Avery Dulles, S.J.: Serious doubts by a significant group of committed Catholics that a papal statement is really infallible "could be interpreted as a sign that the pope had perhaps exceeded his competence and that some necessary condition for an infallible act had not been fulfilled" (*Teaching Authority and Infallibility in the Church: Lutherans and Catholics in Dialogue*, Augsburg, 1978).

Joseph Ratzinger (in 1969): "When there is neither consensus on the part of the universal church nor clear testimony in the sources, no binding decision is possible. If such a decision were formally made, it would lack the necessary conditions and the question of the decision's legitimacy would have to be examined" (*The Limits of the Papacy*, by Patrick Granfield, Crossroad, 1990, citing *Das Neue Volk Gottes*, Patmos, 1969).

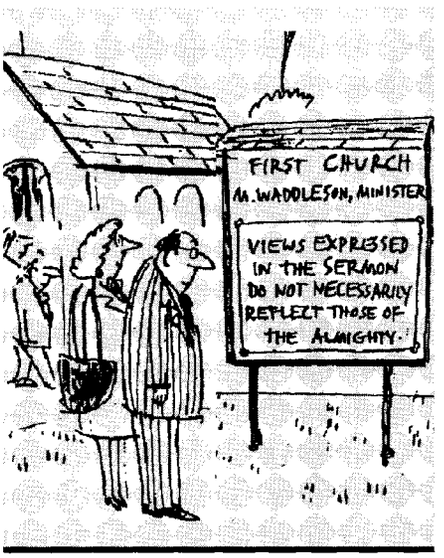
Roma locuta. Causa finita?

ANDREW A. GALLIGAN
Tracy, Calif.

Mental gymnastics

How, precisely, are we to deal with the Vatican's latest pronouncement on the ordination of women? Back in 1854, in his *Syllabus of Errors*, Pius IX condemned the proposition that "in the present day it is no longer expedient that the Catholic religion shall be held as the only religion of the state, to the exclusion of all other modes of worship," and made it clear that freedom of worship and ideas "corrupt the morals and minds of the people and [contribute to] the propagation of the pest of indifference." According to the *New Catholic Encyclopedia* (1967), "the *Syllabus* must be accepted by all Catholics since it comes from the pope as universal teacher and judge....Its contents cannot be challenged by Catholics, and they are to give assent to it, holding the opposite of the condemned propositions."

Somewhat more than a century later than the *Syllabus*, John XXIII wrote in *Pacem in terris*: "Every human being has the right to honor God according to the dictates of an upright conscience, and therefore the right to profess his religion in private and public." A few years later the Second Vatican Council's *Declaration on Religious Liberty* stated that "It is an injustice done to the human person and to the order laid down for men by God, if a man is denied the free exercise of religion in society: saving a just public order."



What is the orthodox Catholic to do? Does a twentieth-century pope trump a nineteenth-century pope? Does a council trump both? Was it permissible to believe, in 1910 for example, that it was wrong to exclude religions other than Catholicism from a state? Was it permissible in 1975 to believe that excluding such religions was right? Is one expected to believe both Pius IX and John XXIII, and, if so, how is this extraordinary act of sinister dexterity to be accomplished?...

One point of this history lesson is, of course, that the church teaches cheerfully in the twentieth century what it condemned in the nineteenth (to say nothing of the thirteenth—read Boniface VIII's *Unam sanctam*, for instance). Another is that the heavy-handed use of teaching authority and the attempt to bind future generations can be disastrous; who today would champion all of Piux IX's *Syllabus*? Most, in fact, would probably agree that its publication contributed heavily to the lamentable estrangement between the church and society that so characterized the late nineteenth century—and indeed part of the twentieth as well—to the considerable detriment of both.

For all the reasons given in your editorial of December 1, I believe that the latest ruling on the ordination of women will do the same. For whatever one believes about such ordination, it seems to me extraordinary that it should be neither a pope nor a coun-

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The costs of peace

Peacemaking is not peaceful. In Somalia violence dogged every peacemaking step, finally driving the United States to withdraw from what began as a humanitarian mission to feed the hungry. Haiti has been more complicated and the outcome more ambiguous. Short-term peace has prevailed—more or less: political agreements have been kept and elections were quiet. Still, development and real peace exist only in an elusive future.

No doubt sending U.S. troops to Bosnia is a risk, not the least because the very presence of Americans may invite terrorist attacks from all of the belligerents: recalcitrant Bosnian Serbs; the Islamic fighters whose presence helped to fortify the Bosnian army, but whose future plans remain obscure; the Croats, should their territorial hopes be thwarted; and the unofficial militias who have operated outside of official chains-of-command. As 60,000 NATO troops, including 20,000 Americans, move to impose a rough calm on a still-simmering Bosnia, simply enumerating the potential terrorists begins to suggest the explosive costs of peace.

In Bosnia, 2 million people are displaced from their homes, 250,000 killed, 200,000 wounded. Yielding, negotiating, repenting, and reconciling all demand more of us humans—spiritually, psychologically, and materially—than most of us have much experience at giving. How much more it asks of those who have raped, tortured, murdered, burnt, and pillaged, those who have been victims, and those who have been witnesses of these crimes. Healing these wounds, of course, is not the mandate of NATO, which has been given a year to separate armies, patrol borders, provide security. Armies can only protect a peace that the belligerents themselves must pursue. This in the midst of a devastated economy in which infrastructure, homes, schools, businesses have been ruthlessly destroyed and international funds for resettlement and reconstruction are in short supply. A year seems pitifully brief.

Thus, the chief source of uneasiness about NATO troops in Bosnia: Are they guarding a peace that will take hold or enforcing a cease-fire that Serbs and Croats will use to prepare a final offensive against the vulnerable remains of Bosnia? Neither Franjo Tudjman of Croatia nor Slobodan Milosovic of Serbia, signers of the Dayton Peace Accord, is to be trusted. Many Americans, certainly many in Congress, do not trust that President Bill Clinton and his chief negotiator Richard Holbrooke know what they are getting into—and more critically know how to get out. Every possible argument against sending American soldiers to Bosnia has been made; some are plausible, some reek of mere political calculation.

All things considered, one thing is clear: In Bosnia, a year of peace is better than another year of war. A cease-fire is better than slaughter. The Bosnians did not start this war; they resisted defeat and international indifference; now they are ready to pursue peace despite the looming threat of a greater Croatia and a greater Serbia. For them, the cost of war has been enormous, and peace, if it is achieved, will exact a further price. The cost to the United States, in contrast, seems relatively modest. We should pay it.

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SIDNEY CALLAHAN

WHAT WE SEE, WE DO

Violence & the media

Monkey see, monkey do, correct? The fire-setting and burning of a subway token-booth clerk in New York City replicates in real life a movie incident in a recent action thriller. Scores of such copycat crimes are regularly reported.

Violent images on TV or in the movies have inspired people to set spouses on fire in their beds, lie down in the middle of highways, extort money by placing bombs in airplanes, rape people in particularly disgusting ways, and who knows how many other kinds of shootings and assaults.

Can anyone still honestly doubt that violent and criminal images in the media or in music incite aggressive behavior? Only those making mints of money purveying violence to the great American public even try to defend the practice.

Granted, some civil libertarians who are worried about the dangers of censorship will admit we have a problem, but stoutly maintain that the price of curbing "free expression" is too high. In another part of the forest, similar arguments go on among feminists about the effects of pornography.

Defenders of the sorry state of our media will usually claim that (1) real life is violent, so why not be honest and show it; and (2) only a few vulnerable aggression-prone persons will be negatively affected, so why keep everyone else from the innocent entertainment of having a few thrills—whether of an aggressive or sexual nature. Is it the media's fault if unhinged people get set off on some rampage by what they watch or hear?

Most psychologists who have studied the question of how aggression operates are convinced that everyone learns violent behavior by seeing it enacted, ready or not. Children will beat Bobo dolls into the ground if they have seen grown-ups do it first, and even those children who do not immediately enact the aggression learn the behavior and remember how it's done.

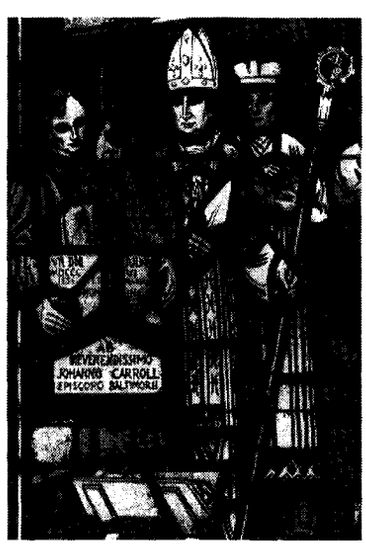
The more prestigious the person modeling aggressive behavior, the more likely it is to be imitated by observers. Imitation, after all, is an indispensable way that an intelligent species like ours learns.

Children do it. Teen-agers do it. Grown-ups do it. Mindlessly we automatically imitate and follow the leader. Fads sweep societies—from slang to games to foods to clothing to intellectual paradigms (and the use of words like "paradigm"). Who hasn't found herself repeating phrases recently heard? Or humming mindless TV commercials? Athletes will watch videos depicting images of excellent moves to increase their own proficiency.

Anything we notice and process gets put into the information programs in our minds and memories. When the input (horrible word but highly infectious), consists of a violent or sexually shocking act, two lessons are learned at once. One is the behavioral sequence, how, for instance, to go about setting fire to a vagrant sleeping on a park bench. The second lesson is more subtle: one learns that this kind of behavior exists; it can happen here; and it is permitted in the universe as we know it. There's the act and then there's the permission to do the unthinkable. Taboos lose their inhibitory force. And if good guys are doing horrible things in order to fight the bad guys, then the behavior is all the more permissible. Homicide rates increase in a country after its wars, whether it's a "just" or "unjust" war.

So what to do when your culture is being corrupted and poisoned? Recently I was mulling over this question and meditating on possible nonviolent campaigns or applications of Saul Alinsky's tactics. I began to wonder whether Catholics couldn't be organized in order to collectively boycott the offending media and thereby exert social pressure.

Suddenly it hit me: Good grief, you're trying to reinvent the Legion of Decency! What an irony! We used to loathe and despise being commanded to stand up in church and repeat an oath not to



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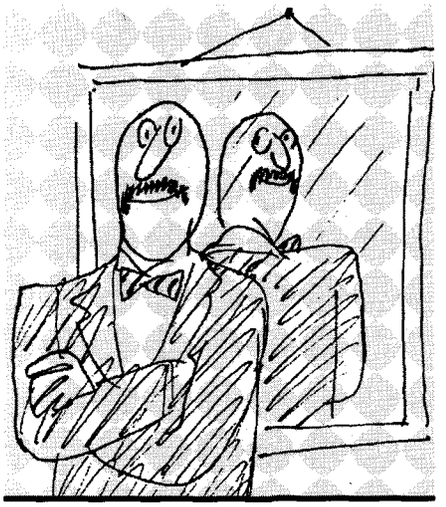

go to immoral movies. Eventually I mustered enough courage to endure the torture of social nonconformity and remained seated in protest. In the Joe McCarthy era, liberal Catholics hated being pressured into loyalty oaths like a bunch of obedient puppets.

But on second thought, why not rehabilitate this church effort to influence the media by using the more acceptable method of petition? Signing petitions along with promises to selectively boycott and protest might make a difference. If we just passively stand by and don't try to do anything, we are surely guilty of letting our country decline and fall without a struggle.

So what if conservatives would have to be allied with liberals in this enterprise? Can't liberals and conservatives cooperate as fellow citizens without endorsing each other's total platforms? I'm with the radical feminists on the pornography question, even if I'm ardently prolife and they ain't.

At this point I am willing to risk the dangers of censorship because I'm absolutely convinced that what you put into the imagination creates the person. Saint Paul writes to the Christians at Philippi, "Whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is pleasing, whatever is commendable, if there is any excellence, and if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things."

What we pay attention to, becomes us, as surely as we become what we eat. Good images and good thoughts and benevolent feelings become good deeds. And alas, the opposite is also true. Maybe even truer since we may have a built-in tendency to regress into infantile rages and paranoid anxieties. And why the human fascination with blood, gore, and violence in the first place? Saint Augustine noted sadly how eagerly people were drawn to view mangled corpses, and how easily his noble and good friend Alypius was first persuaded by peer pressure to go the Coliseum and once there, became addicted to the murderous displays of gladiatorial combat. These "games" were the thrilling entertainments of that pagan culture.

When we are bombarded continually with images of violence, brutality, sexual immorality, and betrayals of trust, our minds and spirits suffer. As the brainy heroine of Norman Rush's great novel *Mating* puts it: "The conviction that the world is secretly corrupt is dangerous to certain temperaments because it rationalizes cutting corners and being selfish, an impulsion I was not in need of." And who is?

Our only hope may be in the fact that altruism is also innate and can also be imitated easily. Heroic rescuers just plunge into action without a second thought. Often they don't even want to accept praise or reward afterward because their altruistic behavior seemed to them "the only thing to do." Of course, their sense of what was "obviously necessary" had been nourished by countless prior acts of attention and good behavior. So modest altruists do deserve their medals.

Well now, thinking of all these things, what's to be done? □

OF SEVERAL MINDS

DAVID R. CARLIN, JR.

ORDAINING WOMEN IS RATIONAL

That doesn't make it Christian

As everyone knows, the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith (Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger's office) has declared that the ban on women's ordination is something the Catholic church teaches infallibly; it is part of the "deposit of faith."

The announcement, along with the shocked reaction to it that has come from many Catholics, reminds me of Dorothy Parker's famous lines of doggerel:

How odd
Of God
To choose
The Jews.

There is a fancy name for the point Parker was getting at: "the scandal of particularism." If God is the God of *all* humanity, isn't it shocking that he (please pardon the pronoun) would have a "chosen people"? Shouldn't a universal God, as opposed to a tribal deity, operate by universalistic rules? And don't universalistic rules dictate that God should treat all his children as equal?

Personally, I have always felt that God, if he *had* to have a chosen people, should have picked the Greeks, who were much more fun than the ancient Hebrews. I would have preferred an Old Testament made up of Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Herodotus, Thucydides, and Plato. Alas, I was not consulted. Or rather, God being omniscient, I suppose I was consulted and my advice rejected.

At all events, a God with particularistic preferences is scandalous. Just as universalism is eminently rational, so there is something irrational—or at all events, nonrational—about particularism. A God with a chosen people offends what William James called our "sentiment of rationality." But so does a God with a *chosen gender*; and the Vatican is telling us that this is what God has when it comes to the priesthood. Nor is it much consolation to say, "But this exclusion is limited to the priesthood; it doesn't apply

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to anything else." In a priest-ridden church this is no small exclusion.

But Christianity, it should be remembered, is replete with elements offensive to rationality. To begin with, the central personality in the religion is both human and divine, a combination of attributes that comes close to being a contradiction in terms. Then there is a God who is one and three at the same time, again close to a contradiction. Further near-contradictions follow: bread and wine that are really the body and blood of Christ, and a church notoriously sinful yet perfectly holy, without spot or blemish. Then, turning to the realm of miracles that are merely physical, not logical, there is a virgin birth; and a resurrection from the dead on the third day; and the appearance of the formerly dead man to hundreds of his followers; not to mention thousands of lesser miracles, from both biblical and postbiblical times.

In the course of history attempts have been made to render Christian doctrine less offensive to reason. In antiquity Docetism was one such attempt, Arianism another, Pelagianism a third. But the really heavy-duty attempt came in modern times, and we are still living in the midst of that effort. Late in the seventeenth century, John Locke, than whom few thinkers have ever been more reasonable, wrote a book titled *The Reasonableness of Christianity*, in which he did two things: explained how thoroughly compatible with reason the essential doctrines of the faith are, and dropped as inessential those doctrines that did not meet the test of reason.

In the eighteenth century, theistic rationalism divided into two camps. On the one hand were the so-called Deists, who, concluding that Christianity was beyond all hope of rational rehabilitation, opted instead for a purely philosophical religion. Kant, with his *Religion within the Limits of Reason Alone*, represented this movement at its intellectual best; but it never amounted to anything as an independent religion.

On the other was the Christian camp, which continued the pruning work of Locke, discovering, and therefore dropping, more and more traditional elements of Christianity that failed the reasonability test. The Unitarians were the reasonable Christians *par excellence*. First they gave up the Trinity and the divinity of Christ. Then they gave up Christianity itself. Eventually they even gave up God (though he's still available as an option for those who like to believe in that kind of thing). In a spirit of universalism, they now give equal honor to all great religions, including Native American faiths; they honor the great prophets (for example, Buddha, Jesus, Emerson, Oscar Wilde); they are nonsexist, nonracist, nonhomophobic; they are multiculturalists. In short, they are as reasonable as anyone could possibly want—and as a result they have long been an endangered species in the genus of organized religion.

The road Unitarianism raced down has been followed slowly and reluctantly, with occasional meanderings into the nearby woods, by liberal Protestantism generally. It, too, has become increasingly reasonable; as a result, it, too, has gone into a state of decline, first in Europe, more recently in the United States.

For religion to have an effective hold on people, it appears that it has to have a certain element of the "unreasonable" about it. This is especially true in modern times, with our truncated conception of reason: mind being seen as little more than a receptor of images and a manipulator of symbols, not as an organ for grasping the objective truth about reality. If religion becomes perfectly reasonable, where will its "numinous" element be? And if it has no numinous element, how can it be religion at all?

There is no question that the ban on women's ordination is inconsistent with the canons of Christianity. But this is no evidence that it is inconsistent with Christianity. Indeed it is just the sort of thing you'd expect from a religion that has important elements of nonrationality built into its very essence.

By the way, I personally favor ordaining women, and I feel sorry for the pope that he doesn't agree. But then again, I've always felt sorry for God that he didn't agree with me on making the Greeks the chosen people. □

Mary Pat Kelly

THE PEACE CRUSADE

On the road with Clinton

On a cold and foggy December 2, 1995, President Bill Clinton told the 4,000 soldiers of the 1st Armored Division lined up in military order on the parade ground of the U.S. army base in Baumholder, Germany: "For three years, I refused to send our American forces into Bosnia where they could have been pulled into war. But," he went on, "I do want you to go there on a mission of peace." Behind the troops in more random formations stood families. Women jiggled strollers, little boys played tag, and, because this is the new army, husbands held babies who, after the speech, would be nursed by their corporal and sergeant mothers. Calling them "iron soldiers," Clinton evoked the division's nickname, Old Ironside, and the generations who served on World War II battlefields in North Africa and Italy, on the front line of the cold war, and more recently in Desert Storm. This time America summoned them "not with a call to war but a call to peace." They would help implement a peace accord signed by the leaders of Bosnia, Croatia, and Serbia. "They need that help," the president explained, "because after nearly four years of terrible brutality, trust is in short supply in Bosnia, and they will trust you to do the job right."

The word peace echoed through this small part of America set up like a toy town under the Christmas trees of the German forest. Yet within weeks, these mothers and fathers would kiss their children good-by and go to the worst killing fields in Europe since World War II. More than 250,000 killed and

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2 million displaced, in just three years. Bosnia-Herzegovina may sound more exotic than Rome or Athens, but it is closer to Baumholder than either city. Start out on the autobahn in the morning and you can be in Sarajevo by night.

As eloquently as the president spoke of peace, he got cheers only when he promised that the force would be heavily armed, and have "robust" rules of engagement; he assured the troops that "when America comes to help make the peace, America will look after its own."

Later conversations with some of the soldiers made clear that they did not cheer heavy weapons out of a surging militarism, but because they had feared they would be asked to forgo self-protection in favor of the politically motivated restraint many imagined had hamstrung the UN peacekeepers. A good offense still seemed the best defense. One twenty-year-old soldier welcomed the chance to go to the aid of Bosnian children. "I followed the story of that little girl [Zlata Filopvic] from Sarejevo who wrote the diary. Kids shouldn't have to face stuff like that." Clinton had mentioned Zlata in his speech. He had met her at Dublin airport after two days in Northern Ireland where the crowds in Belfast and Derry celebrated the crucial role he played in a peace many imagined never could come "in our lifetime."

In Dublin, as if refuting his critics back home, Clinton had departed from his prepared remarks at a press conference with Prime Minister John Bruton. He pounded the podium as he extolled the Irish for never refusing peacekeeping duties because their national interest was not at stake. National interest measured in dollars or oil could not be the only motivation for sending U.S. troops to Bosnia. "War raging in the heart of Europe" could not be tolerated.

At Baumholder, the soldiers accepted this, if they could shoot when threatened. No one wanted to be killed, that was not what they'd signed up for. For many, the army was a job—more opportunity than the depressed economies of their hometowns or the mean streets of the city offered. Did they ever expect to go into a combat situation? "No," said three young mothers, part of a support unit heading to Tuzla for a year. They were sending their babies home to their parents for the duration. "He won't even know me," one said sadly.

Raise such situations with their officers and they are impatient to assure reporters that they are working on the child-care situation. What they really want to talk about is the unprecedented military task about to be undertaken. Twenty-five nations, including the Russians, are sending troops for the 60,000-member force united under one command. "It's historic." Indeed, the very fact of this coalition might itself be the best deterrent against future conflicts. The kind of thugs who wreaked havoc in Bosnia, in what a worker with the International Rescue Committee called "a war of opportunity," cannot be allowed to kill and rape with impunity.

On December 14, the peace accord was signed in Paris. Alternating with reports on the pageantry and speeches there were reports on the lukewarm support represented by the votes of Senate and House in Washington. Do Americans hesitate to back the president because the call to peace is more elusive than the call to war? Traditionally, nations have set armies marching by screaming for the blood of their enemies. Risk-taking for peace is harder to sell.

Speaking in Paris, President Clinton wondered why skeptics were so sure "that Balkan hearts were too hard for peace." In South Africa, the Middle East, and Northern Ireland, he said, people are "turning from hatred to hope." Here gathered under NATO command were countries who had long been enemies now working together for peace. Clinton asked for God's grace. Boutros Boutros-Ghali, head of the UN, invoked the "commonweal" three times. "We are all servants of the commonweal," he said.

Admiral Leighton W. Smith, the NATO commander, will take over command from General Bernard Janiver, who headed the UN peacekeeping forces. Smith will be in charge of the largest ground force sent into action in Europe since World War II. He has already made his mark with the troops. A Navy jet pilot himself, he is the man who refused to give up on finding Captain Scott Grady, shot down by the Serbs in June 1995. Smith ordered the rescue in which sixty men put themselves at risk to bring one home.

The trip from Baumholder to Mostar in Western Bosnia takes less than a day. The sixteenth-century Mostar bridge, along with the old town's unique Turkish architecture, was shelled and destroyed during the fighting. An ugly iron bridge has replaced it [see cover]. It is dusk and the winter darkness blurs the ruins. Nobody walks through the once-teeming streets. The glass front of one small shop has been replaced. Through the door a man is working at an easel. With his back to the iron bridge, he paints the old bridge from memory. He is serving the commonweal; the soldiers of the 1st Armored Division are on their way to help him in this endeavor. □

Mary Pat Kelly, *writer and filmmaker, traveled with the press corps covering President Clinton's visits to Ireland and Germany, from where she traveled to Croatia and Bosnia.*

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DOROTHY DAY: NEOCON SAINT?

In the November/December 1995 American Enterprise, *the bimonthly journal of the American Enterprise Institute, Bill Kauffman writes a "Flashback" column titled "Saint Dorothy." He argues that Dorothy Day was an unstinting critic of Washington and of "the welfare bureaucracy, from the New Deal through the Great Society." He implies that Day disdained government efforts at relieving poverty and would approve recent efforts to gut such programs. We have asked three knowledgeable contributors to respond.* THE EDITORS

Patrick Jordan

Patrick Jordan, Commonweal*'s managing editor, is a former managing editor of the* Catholic Worker.

Bill Kauffman's short, admiring piece on Dorothy Day—prefaced by a quote from Cicero: "To know nothing of what happened before you were born is to remain ever a child"—is an example of how ideological and political slant sometimes slouches toward propaganda. For Kauffman quotes Dorothy Day selectively to make points she would not fully espouse, and to serve causes she would disdain.

It is true that Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin, cofounders of the Catholic Worker movement, were not in favor of big government or what has come to be known as the welfare state. They were interested in "those tiny, invisible molecular forces that work from individual to individual," the words of William James that Day often quoted. Maurin and Day were Christian personalists. They practiced voluntary poverty and lived with the poor because Christ was poor, but also because they wished to redress the injustices of society. Day called American capitalism a "filthy rotten system" because it places war-making and profit-taking over the needs and dignity of working people and their families. The problem, therefore, is not simply the size of government. It is the nature of the profit-driven system, a system bolstered and maintained by government.

The term "Catholic Worker" is thus poles apart from the couplet "American Enterprise." For "Catholic" implies a universalist and sacramental understanding of the human condition (in Christ, we are all members of one body), and is not tied to the fortunes of a particular state. "Worker" indicates that humanity is enhanced by the labor of hands, head, and heart performed in the service of others, not by the amassing of fortunes by a few. To the contrary, Day often quoted Saint Gertrude that "Property, the more common it is, the more holy it becomes." One wonders whether Mr. Kauffman has read enough of Dorothy Day to encounter her searing comments on interest taking, arms profiteering, and the withholding of adequate wages from workers; or to meet her praise of the emergency efforts of national governments when disasters had struck.

Day and Maurin wanted to create a "new society within the shell of the old." But they did not wish to "destroy" the old one first. Rather, their aim was to offer alternatives for the future by creating "cells of good living" now. They would have applauded the writings of a Wendell Berry and his concern for husbanding natural and human resources. They would not have countenanced throwing people onto the street to balance the budget, especially while raising military spending and reducing the taxes of the wealthy.

Like Mr. Kauffman, I have no doubt that Dorothy Day is a saint. I worked with her for a number of years and have never known a more holy, interesting, discerning, challenging, and captivating person. But one still has to get her in the right heaven! In Washington, I think that would be at the Catholic Worker house on T Street, N.W., not at the American Enterprise Institute on 17th.

Robert Coles

Robert Coles is the author of numerous books, including two on the Catholic Worker: A Spectacle unto the World *(Viking, 1973), and* Dorothy Day: A Radical Devotion *(Addison-Wesley, 1987).*

Dorothy Day put no great hope in bureaucratic liberalism as the answer to the big questions this life presents to us. All the time she worked tirelessly, tenaciously, concretely on behalf of the poor. I will always remember her being "on the line," so to speak—helping to prepare food, serving it to some of the walking wounded of our twentieth-century industrial society. But I also heard her worry about another kind of poverty, that of secular materialism: the sad and pitiable preoccupation of some of us who, finally, believe in ourselves as all that matters.

For her, "poverty" was not only a "socio-economic variable," but something universal and inevitable, the experience of human limitation and vulnerability. She knew the poverty Ecclesiastes describes, the pride, the ever-resilient egoism that inform our daily lives and cloud our vision. For her, the helper and the helped in a soup kitchen were both ever-so-needy pilgrims, worthy neither of smug satisfaction (the helper) or romanticized condescension (the helped).

Sometimes she could be abrasively critical of an apparently well-intentioned benevolence: "I wonder why so many people pay attention to the poverty here [in the nearby Bowery], but don't notice the terrible poverty in Wall Street, almost next door." I was twenty-four when I heard those words, and was frankly confused by them—a judgment, of course, on me and the kind of education I'd received.

Dorothy Day's mission, actually, was to try to teach some of us the reasons for such an observation. And doing so, she

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called upon Jesus of Nazareth, the prophets of Israel, and the ethically awake story-telling voices of Tolstoy and Dickens and Dostoevsky, her three great favorites, whose novels have given us the humble, half-starved poor, but also the rich and powerful poor, whose snotty self-importance and arrogant self-satisfaction signal a particular and (these days, in certain precincts of America) a not-rare kind of destitution: a moral bankruptcy that is, ironically, now celebrated in newspapers and magazines and movies and on television.

For many of us, Dorothy Day and her fellow Catholic Workers were and are members of what Irving Howe called "the homeless Left": George Orwell, James Agee, Ignazio Silone, Danilo Dolce—they could, indeed, be found scorning big government and its demeaning ways. But their idiosyncratic mix of anarchy and Judeo-Christian generosity of spirit, their egalitarian and populist yearnings, not rarely lived out, serve poorly any effort to bolster what obtains now so influentially in Washington's (or London's) corridors of power. What Dorothy Day told my students in the early 1970s (that she didn't believe "Washington, D.C. is the moral capital of America") would surely be a conviction she'd want to declare today with no less ardor. I used to watch her reading the *New York Times*, her head occasionally shaking. I fear that today, were she with us, her eyes would fill up with tears as she read that paper, and maybe her hand would once in a while come crashing down in righteous anger on one of those old tables on which she and others have served so many bowls of soup to so many hurt and humble fellow human beings.

Mel Piehl

Mel Piehl, *professor of history at Valparaiso University, is the author of* Breaking Bread: The Catholic Worker and the Origins of Catholic Radicalism in America *(Temple University Press, 1982).*

In the present climate, it was probably bound to happen: Someone at the American Enterprise Institute house magazine has tried to enlist Dorothy Day in the war to end welfare as we know it. While appealing to the great American Catholic authority on poverty must have seemed like a good idea, it could turn out to be a riskier business than the publication's editors think.

The piece begins with a few quick paragraphs that assert Day's importance and announce her sainthood. After that it turns mostly into a pastiche of quotes, which are lifted willy-nilly from Dorothy's writings. Selected to demonstrate Day's moral compassion for the poor, most of these statements also serve as groundwork for the ideological spin the piece provides: that Dorothy Day, a "saint," was also a prescient critic of the welfare state, and so perhaps aligned with the main currents of certain Washington think tanks today.

It is writer Kauffman's loaded introductory phrases that spin the quotes they enclose: "Day scorned the dehumanizing poverty industry," one tag begins; and another declares that she was "an unstinting critic of the welfare bureaucracy, from the New Deal through the Great Society." Dorothy Day did say the things attributed to her, but their contextual framing by such assertions could seriously mislead readers who know little about Day or the Catholic Worker movement.

It is quite true that Dorothy Day was an old-time native American radical, a Christian communitarian anarchist, and an often sharp critic of the modern state. But her criticism of welfare bureaucracies derived from an utterly different—indeed opposite—foundation than those embedded in phrases like "the poverty industry." Day's criticism of government programs for the poor was that they were almost always grudging, parsimonious, and mean, rather than generous, open-handed, and kind. Their elaborate codes and "eligibility requirements" often served to demean the poor rather than elevate their dignity as "ambassadors of God."

In Dorothy Day's experience, and in the long history of Catholic Worker houses of hospitality, a familiar scenario was the crisis call from government welfare offices or social service agencies asking the Workers to care for people whom the official system was somehow unable to assist. It was such experiences that underlay Day's criticism of much public welfare and fueled her alternative vision of voluntary poverty and Christian responsibility. This is not, to say the least, the vision that motivates most present-day critics of "the poverty industry."

Though potentially misleading, the article does provide a backhanded acknowledgment of Day's increasing importance for American social thought about poverty. But one wonders if the editors at the *American Enterprise* might some day rue their early canonization of their new expert on poverty. For as the Catholic church has learned, from a considerably longer experience in the matter, saints who at first seem appealing are not always comfortable people to have around in the long run. People of various stripes try to fit them into their own political agendas, but saints usually refuse to stay in line or obey orders from ideological commanders, while their strong sense of divine justice and mercy has an unnerving capacity to disturb even those who profess to admire them. And then their voices often become much less welcome than they seemed at first.

So it may be that we will have to wait, perhaps for a very long time, for some more Dorothy Day statements like this to appear in sequels to Mr. Kauffman's article:

> Love of brother means voluntary poverty, stripping one's self, putting off the old man, denying one's self. It also means nonparticipation in those comforts and luxuries which have been manufactured by the exploitation of others....If our jobs do not contribute to the common good, we pray God for the grace to give them up....This would exclude jobs in advertising, which only increases people's useless desires, and in insurance companies and banks, which are known to exploit the poor of this country and others. Whatever has contributed to the misery and degradation of the poor may be considered a bad job, and not to be worked at [*Catholic Worker*, December 1948]. □

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TWICE ON SUNDAYS

My Orthodox temptation

Jerry Ryan

According to the version my wife likes to tell, when she took me to see the house which was up for sale and with which she had fallen in love, I glanced at the place, shrugged my shoulders, and made some kind of disparaging remark. Then the Russian Orthodox church diagonally across the street caught my eye. I looked at it for a while, then turned back to my wife's dream house and decided it wasn't so bad after all.

That is, of course, a gross exaggeration. The real reason I agreed to buy the house was that my wife had already made up her mind about the matter and we had, from the beginning of our marriage, decided that she would have the responsibility for the minor decisions of the household (where we were going to live, what school the kid would attend, etc.), while I would take care of the more important issues (how to resolve the conflict in Bosnia, balance the national budget, etc.). That having been clarified, I'll admit that I was not indifferent to the proximity of Saint Mary's.

Aesthetically, Saint Mary's is a little jewel—a white wooden structure which just barely dominates the surrounding two-family dwellings with its cruciform layout and its two, light-gray onion-shaped domes surmounted by the cross of Saint Andrew. It reminded me of photos I had seen years ago of rural churches in Ukraine and Orthodox Poland. Nothing pretentious, a certain noble simplicity and purity. The interior is something else. The walls and partitions are plastered with icons worthy of Saint Sulpice, which had been donated to the church and hung up every which way without too much rhyme or reason. The church can accommodate about sixty people in the nave and is usually comfortably full for Sunday liturgies. A lot of the parishioners are elderly or late middle age but there's also a generous sprinkling of younger folk and a certain number of non-Russian converts to Orthodoxy—among them Father John, the pastor of this flock, who used to be an Episcopalian.

For the last four-and-a-half years I've been attending the services there while not neglecting my obligations at Saint Rose, my local parish, where I assist at the early Sunday morning Mass and contribute to the fuel collection. My pastor at Saint Rose's, Father Mawn, knows of my double allegiance and wholeheartedly approves. About three years ago Marilyn, the choir director at Saint Mary's, invited me to join the bass section. Thus was I initiated into the intricacies of Byzantine chant. It was not as easy as I'd thought; it took nearly two years before I was able to hold my own. Even now it's an adventure when I'm left alone for the bass part. Perhaps it's just a coincidence but I've noticed that Marilyn's hair has become noticeably grayer during this time. I'm a bit like the Swede in McNamara's band, assimilated yet different.

I tried to approach the community of Saint Mary's with discretion and respect and without any sort of agenda or plan, disposed to gratefully receive what they had to offer me and to participate in the measure in which both they and I felt comfortable. Things just sort of happened by themselves, without being forced. I feel as though I've been adopted by the community to the extent that this is possible, given the limits which the canonical situation imposes.

Last year I asked Father John about the possibility of communicating on certain feasts. Since I'd become a fixture at Saint Mary's and one of the most faithful assistants at the liturgies (it's not a big sacrifice for me to cross the street, whereas the majority of the parishioners have a long commute), it seemed to me that this would be "normal." What didn't seem normal was that, after reciting the prayer of Saint John Chrysostom, everyone in this community of which I'd become a part approached the altar while I assured the continuity of the Communion hymn. Father John agreed with the "normality" part but didn't think he had the authority to bypass the canons. It was a good exchange which cleared up

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a lot of things and left me at peace. The essential of the Eucharist is the love of which it is the symbol, so much so that in Saint John's narrative of the Last Supper the institution of the sacrament is not even mentioned and all the attention is focused on the love of which the sacrament is the sign. For the time being we have to assume the consequences of the collective sins of our churches and it is precisely our mutual fraternal love which can eventually invalidate these consequences.

I don't have any big theological debates with my Orthodox friends; we leave those to the higher-ups. We do, however, freely discuss the good and the bad in our respective churches. It's somewhat ironic, even comical at times. One of the things that most ticks me off in Catholicism is the dictatorial exercise of authority, while the people at Saint Mary's complain about the *lack* of authority and leadership in Orthodoxy, where everyone goes his or her merry way. This is, in fact, the major ecclesiological issue which is separating the two churches, and I can't help but feeling that if the *vox populi* (or *consensus fidelium*) on both sides were heard, a creative compromise could be found.

I had been exposed to the Eastern rites in the past. Many aspects of these liturgies struck a deep chord in me: the sense of the transcendence of God, the sensitivity to the presence of the angelic world and the saints of Paradise, the fact of not being afraid to take time for God. But it was only at Saint Mary's that I became immersed in Eastern spirituality. Oddly enough, this led to a rediscovery and revitalization of my own Western traditions, which I came to see in a new light.

The eucharistic mystery presents the same challenge as the Incarnation. Jesus is true God and true man, our beloved brother and *Lord*, an itinerant preacher from Nazareth out of where nothing good could come, who searches his destiny, who becomes weary and afraid, who is considered a screwball by his relatives, and who is one of the Holy Trinity, by whom all things were made, and before whom the Seraphim hide their face. The Eucharist, which prolongs the Incarnation, participates in this duality. According to grace and circumstance we will be moved alternatively by one facet or another of the twofold mystery of our Saviour: either by his *kenos* or by the majesty of him who so "humiliates" himself, by his proximity or transcendence. Both should be experienced if we are to approximate the truth, but it is psychologically impossible (I find) to do so simultaneously.

This is also true, I believe, on a collective level. Different cultures have different sensitivities, and even within the same culture, sensitivities may vary according to historical circumstances. This diversity is a collective and mutually complementary testimony—down through the ages and until the day of the Second Coming—of the inexhaustible riches of the Father's gift of the Son in his flesh and in the sacrament of his flesh.

In such a context, no single spirituality or liturgical form can adequately express the manifold aspects of the Incarnation and Eucharist, and this is as it should be. The Word became flesh and Eucharist to be with us until the end of the ages and not as a stranger but as a friend, as he was to his contemporaries. On the banks of Lake Tiberias the Risen Christ prepares a charcoal fire with fish and bread for his awe-struck disciples, tells them to come have breakfast, and serves them, overwhelming their fears by the simplicity of his gestures (John 21:1–14). There is here a familiarity, an "ordinariness" which I find extremely touching, and this is Jesus in his risen state, in the glory of his triumph. The liturgical reforms of Vatican II were meant (at least in part) to remind us of this aspect of the Incarnation.

I think of some of the very simple but intense Eucharists in which I participated years ago in Latin America. They took place in the homes of the poor. With the priest, we prayed and meditated together on the word of God. The eucharistic act took place on a rickety table with no decorations or ornaments. Afterward, a meal was shared among the poor, the crippled, the lame, and the blind—with no questions asked. These were Tiberian Eucharists. They might not have been strictly according to the canons and regulations—even those of post-Vatican II—but I think they were in the spirit of the reforms and they certainly had a deep effect on all of us who took part. The Word became flesh to become accessible to all.

That is one side of the coin, the intuition more typical of the Roman Catholic church. But the familiarity which the reformed liturgy encourages should not lead to trivializing the other pole of the Incarnation. Jesus is not just a "good buddy." He is the Holy Mighty, the Holy Immortal. If Jesus continues to accompany his pilgrim church and is, in this mystical sense, *viator*, a fellow pilgrim, he is, in actuality, in what concerns his human nature, *comprehensor*, glorified at the right hand of the Father. The reality signified by the Eucharist is the exalted and transformed humanity of the Eternal Word; it is the Lamb in his majesty, adored with incense and chants by the twenty-four elders and four living creatures, acclaimed by the myriads of angels and an innumerable white-robed multitude from every race, nation, people, and tongue. It is *this* aspect of the Eucharist which the Eastern liturgies focus upon and of which we should never lose sight. We must never forget *Who* it is who makes himself so near to us.

There is a wonderful complementarity here. What is true of the different liturgies I find also true of the "spiritualities" of the East and the West. The one is marked by a sense of God's transcendent glory, the other by a tenderness toward him who shared and continues to share the misery of our lives, transforming them by his poverty. John Paul II has said on many occasions—and most recently in his apostolic letter *Lumen orientale* where he urges Latin Catholics to open themselves to the treasures of the East—that the church needs to breathe with both its lungs. Personally, I find that incorporating the two liturgies into my life has been a great blessing. This is a grace I would wish for the church as a whole. □

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THE CHURCH OF JERUSALEM

Living with conflict, working for peace

Michel Sabbah

The Church of Jerusalem is a small church. It is, and it always was, a church of the Cross and Calvary. Other churches, all born in Jerusalem, have grown and become important churches. The Church of Jerusalem will remain small, always living the Cross in its own body and soul. All those who want to build the Church of Jerusalem, to live with it and to serve it, should keep this fact in mind. We do not endeavor to get rid of the Cross as it is manifested to us through many difficult human circumstances. Our vocation is to live the Cross and to realize that it is our way to salvation.

Christians of the Holy Land are of many different origins: Jews, Syrians or Arameans (whose Aramaic language was spoken by Jesus and still survives today in the Syriac church), Romans, Greeks, and Arabs. Others came originally as pilgrims from surrounding countries and churches and settled in Jerusalem in order to remain near the holy places: the Copts from Egypt, the Maronites from Lebanon, the Armenians and the Ethiopians.

Through the centuries there has been an endless stream of immigrants, conquerors, and newcomers. Now they are all in Jerusalem, and despite so many historical changes and shifts in population, they maintain today the permanent uninterrupted presence of the church which started with the first Judeo-Christian community of Jerusalem, born on Pentecost day.

The Christians of the Holy Land not only sustain the permanent physical presence of the first community of Jerusalem, but also through their faith in Jesus Christ, they continue to undergo the mystery of rejection and refusal experienced by Jesus himself, human and divine, when he lived in his own land. Jesus remains until today a sign of contradiction in his own land. Most of society ignores him. He remains identified, as he was with his disciples, with a small group. During his lifetime he had often experienced rejection in contact with his own people and with its religious leaders. Today, he is rejected as a church, manifested in a human institution and in human attitudes. When Jesus was holy and perfect as God is holy and perfect, he was not accepted. Today existing through the church, perceived from the outside mostly through its human limitations and weaknesses, he is also rejected. The church today is seen as an establishment like any other in the society. Some go so far as to consider the church to have the status of an NGO, or just another nonprofit organization. Indeed, it is classified this way in the computers of the tax department in Israel. The essence of the church as the mystical body of Jesus Christ will no doubt remain for all outsiders a mystery, undiscovered and impossible to understand.

All Christians in the Middle East are facing the same kind of problems: they are a small minority; they must coexist with Islam, and in Israel/Palestine, coexist with both Islam and Judaism; they face political instability and the resulting lure of emigration.

These common realities are the subject of reflection for the two regional church structures in the Middle East. The first of these is the Council of the Catholic Patriarchs of the East, which involves seven Patriarchs (Alexandria for the Copts, Antioch for the Syrians, the Maronites and the Melkites, Jerusalem for the Latins, Babylon for the Chaldeans, and Cilicia for the Armenians). The second structure is the Middle East Council of Churches, composed of four families of churches: the Greek Orthodox (Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem), the Eastern Orthodox (Copts of Alexandria, Syrians of Antioch, and Armenians of Cilicia), the Catholics, and the Protestants.

By the term Holy Land, I mean Israel, Palestine, and Jor-

His Beatitude Michel Sabbah *is the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem. This article is excerpted from an address he presented in Chicago, May 24, 1995, on the occasion of his receipt of the Catholic Theological Union's Distinguished Service Award in recognition of his work toward peace in the Holy Land. Born in Nazareth and former president of Bethlehem University, Patriarch Sabbah is the first Palestinian to hold the office of Latin Patriarch in modern times.*

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dan: all these countries constitute one diocese and a single ecclesiastical jurisdiction for Orthodox, Protestants, and Catholics. In these territories the total population is around 12 million. The total number of all Christians is 300,000. Catholics are almost half this figure with the Orthodox a little more numerous.

Is this small number diminishing due to the emigration? Is there really a danger that the holy places will become museums or churches serving only pilgrims?

Emigration started during the last century. Today, the reasons are still the same: economic, social, and the difficulty of living as a minority. Emigration has intensified in the past fifty years as a result of the eruption of the Israeli Palestinian conflict, leading to continuing political and social instability. It is asserted that the number of Christians has increased in Israel. But this numerical growth, while true in absolute terms, has been in fact very limited. For example, in 1948 Christians in Nazareth totaled 6,000 out of a population of 8,000. Today they number 25,000 out of 50,000. This numerical growth is due not only to the birthrate, but to the influx of people from villages whose populations were forced to leave and who subsequently settled in Nazareth. Bethlehem in 1948 had the same figure, 6,000 Christians out of 8,000. Today it has 12,000 out of a total city population of 50,000. Ramallah, another Christian city, had around 6,000 inhabitants, all of them Christians, in 1948; today, it has approximately 10,000 Christians out of 40,000. In 1948, Jerusalem had the largest number, 30,000 out of 200,000. Today it has only 10,000 Christians out of a total population of 600,000.

As long as there is political instability, emigration will continue. But even so, Christians will not disappear. They will, however, remain few in number. Their minority situation will require more effort on the part of the church. The Christians will become even more dependent on the church as a supporting institution and this, in turn, will mean a continuing role for church leadership regarding religious and civil questions. During the Ottoman Empire up until the nineteenth century, the Patriarch was both the religious and civil leader of his community. This has shaped the attitudes of the laity concerning the church: the church is expected to build both church and society together. It also helps explain what seems at times to be a contradiction in the attitudes of lay people regarding the church in the Middle East. On the one hand, as laity they want to exercise their own proper role as Christians in the world; but on the other, they also expect church leaders to assume responsibilities in economic, social, and political life.

Are Christians in the Holy Land truly caught in the middle, pressured between Jews and Muslims? In reality, as is the case with any Christian in the world, the Christians of the Holy Land belong to their own people. They are Palestinians just as Muslims are Palestinians. Therefore they belong to one people who happen to interface with another people. This vision of belonging to a people changes the entire perspective. Palestinian Christians are not "in the middle."

Christians are not a closed and isolated community living in the diaspora. They live in their own country and within their own people. They are not a self-contained and rootless community. Christian Palestinians belong to the Palestinian people; just as Christian Israelis belong to the Jewish people. We have indeed Hebrew-speaking communities of Christians who belong to the Jewish world as part of a people, nation, and culture.

Therefore, when the question is asked: What is the situation of Christians in the Holy Land? Our answer is that their situation is the same as that of all of the rest of the Palestinian people. Political instability causes difficulties for the entire people, Christians and Muslims alike.

On Christmas 1994, the seven Catholic Patriarchs of the East published their third common letter on relations between Christians and Muslims. They stated: With Muslims we live in one country, and together we have a common homeland. In the past our relationship had both difficult and easy days. Today, as well, we have good days and difficult days. No doubt the future will be the same. Our vocation as Christians does not consist in escaping from the milieu where God wants us to be. Our vocation does not consist in being Christians anywhere in the world, but in being Christians in our Arab and Muslim countries. Here is where God wants us to be; it is here that God wants us to be the witnesses of his Son and Eternal Word, our Lord Jesus Christ. We are called to live a difficult life and we have to accept the call. In this very land Jesus said to his disciples: "You will be my witnesses in Jerusalem, Judea, and Samaria."

We have to face the same challenges and share in the same resources as the Muslims. We have to see the image of God in all our Muslim brothers and sisters. We have to educate ourselves to a spiritual solidarity with them. That means when we pray, we cannot come before God in isolation, absorbed only with our own adoration or petitions and preoccupations. When we come before God, we have to carry in our spirit and heart our Muslim brothers and sisters, their petitions and preoccupations. This same spiritual education should be given to both Christians and Muslims. But even if Muslims should differ in their understanding of how Christians and Muslims are to relate, Christians are not excused from acting according to the vision of the gospel, which is a vision of love. The "other," whether Muslim or anyone else, whatever may be his behavior or attitude, continues to be a child of God, loved by God just like me. From churches and mosques the same exhortation should be proclaimed: Christian, love your Muslim brother and sisters; Muslim, love your Christian brothers and sisters. The reality of course is not that simple or easy. It will take time before we hear this same proclamation coming in harmony from churches and mosques. But it is important to know that there are many souls among Muslims and Christians who are receptive to such a vision and able to build upon it the fraternal world of the future.

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In Israel, through the existence of small Latin Catholic, Hebrew-speaking communities, there exists a living Christian presence within Jewish society, hence an occasion for dialogue within the realities of everyday life. I am speaking of Hebrew-speaking Catholics. With their Christian faith, they belong to their Jewish people, to its sufferings and aspirations, though obviously different in creed and religious practice from their Jewish brothers and sisters. There are also various groups of dialogue at many other levels, some formal, others less formal—all of them trying to build bridges between two peoples in silence and humility.

Formal Christian dialogue with Judaism entered a decisive and positive phase with the Second Vatican Council. Today, churches are trying to pursue such dialogue all over the world. In the Middle East and in Israel and Palestine, this dialogue has its own specific nature and distinctive characteristics that contrast to the Jewish-Christian dialogue in the Western world. The dominant point of reference in the Western world is the past history in which the relationship between Christians and Jews was one of persecutors to the persecuted.

In the Middle East, contemporary history presents a reversal of the relationship that has been experienced in the West. In the Middle East there is a context of conflict and of oppression in which the Palestinians find themselves the oppressed. The peace process has at last begun and is now striving to put an end to this situation. We hope it will succeed.

In Israel and Palestine, due to a variety of daily contacts, both positive and negative, this dialogue has already started. In the other parts of the Arab Middle East or Arab countries, due to the abiding images coming from the still unsettled conflict, this dialogue will take time to start.

The Jewish people in Israel and Palestine are involved with a human ecclesial reality, which is the local church of Jerusalem. This local church is a part of the universal church, but still a unique part, with distinct features and with a distinct historical experience and its own contemporary realities. Therefore, we believe that each local dialogue will have its own specific character relating to its unique local experience. Accordingly, the universal church, to which the local church belongs, should also take this local experience into consideration. The smallness of the Church of Jerusalem is no excuse for people to overlook the living human context of its situation. Both Christians and Jews who are in dialogue should address this present history so filled with disputes and sufferings and yet one in which a new element of reconciliation is now present.

The conflict that exists in the Middle East in general, and between Palestinians and Israelis in particular, should not be an obstacle to start the dialogue. On the contrary, a situation of conflict is an even more urgent reason to start a dialogue, because religion and true religious sharing should be a factor in helping two peoples in conflict work toward a common vision of coexistence and peace.

Here also, despite conflict and religious diversity, the same Christian vision must endure: all of us, Christians and Jews, are children of God. All of us are created in God's image, equally loved by God, and equally called to know God and to be saved by him.

Formal dialogue between Jews and Christians should be supported by a spiritual solidarity which brings us together before God, presenting God with our adoration, our sufferings and aspirations, and those of our brothers and sisters, Jews and Christians. Any common action in the context of this dialogue should start with prayer. It should be an action taken with reverence for the word of God revealed to us, both Jews and Christians, in our common land.

Jerusalem should have a special status...to remain open to everyone at all times.

The ultimate model for our mutual relationship as human beings and for our dialogue as Jews and Christians should be God himself, who spoke with us, who undertook a dialogue with his chosen people that ultimately was addressed to all humankind. In these divine dealings with humanity, we find moments of tenderness and of careful attentiveness on the part of God toward the people he had chosen. But in the biblical history there are also other moments of prophetic criticism and reprimand—from the time of Moses and through the successive periods of the kings and the prophets. Jesus himself interacted strongly with the leaders of his own people and reprimanded some of the cities of his own land.

God's Covenant with his chosen Jewish people is permanent, and permanent, too, is God's expectation that his people believe in all that God has revealed and strive to remain faithful to God in all of his revelation. In Judaism, we know, are the roots of Christianity and Christianity is the outgrowth of Judaism.

People often ask if the Christians in the Holy Land are divided and impossible to reconcile? The Church of Jerusalem, because it is the mother church, must be committed to ecumenism.

Before taking the form of human structures and initiatives, ecumenism should start with the prayer of Jesus: "Father, keep those you have given me true to your name; so that they may be one like us" (John 17:11). At its heart, ecumenism is a prayer; a presence before God, an action with God and Jesus. Authentic ecumenism is an action within the heart, a conversion to love the brothers and sisters whom God has placed within the sphere of my life, whether they are in my own community or in any other community. I must remain true to myself and to the grace which God has given me, but at the same time I must remain open, attentive, and loving toward the brother and sister of another community.

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Ecumenism is faithfulness to one's own identity and to God's grace. As is the case with dialogue with Islam or Judaism, ecumenism cannot consist in superficial concessions or in disguising the differences which divide us. Ecumenism means listening to a brother or sister as they tell me who they are, as they truly are and not just as I may want them to be. Ecumenism also means the revelation of myself to others as I am, not as they would like me to be, or even as I suppose they may want me to be.

Ecumenism also needs to take history into consideration. One cannot be uprooted or separated from one's own history. But the past should also provide lessons of tolerance and love and not be a return to old arguments and the opening of old wounds. Therefore, ecumenism should be a fraternal walk in the present and ultimately lead to the desire for a common vision for the future, with a plan of action to undertake.

In November 1994, the Christian leaders of Jerusalem published a memorandum on the Christian significance of Jerusalem and their vision for a future stable city which should be and remain a city of peace. Jerusalem is holy for Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. Within the city two peoples, Israelis and Palestinians, have political rights and are presently in dispute. For Christians, Jerusalem is the city of its roots where everything began, where ultimately every church and every Christian was born. It is the city of Jesus Christ, the city where the mystery of Redemption took place, the city of the Cross, the Resurrection, and Pentecost. Therefore, five components are essential to Jerusalem and have to be taken clearly and equally into consideration: two peoples, Palestinian and Israeli, and three religions, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam.

For two thousand years, Jerusalem has been a source of continuous wars because it was always governed by one political authority corresponding to one religion, either Christian, Muslim, or, as today, Jewish. If we want to give Jerusalem permanent stability so that it will cease to be a cause for war, it should have a special status which responds to the five essential components mentioned above, namely two peoples and three religions. No one should be excluded from Jerusalem. All five components—Israelis and Palestinians, Jews, Christians, and Muslims—all of them should feel equally at home in Jerusalem, having an equal share in the same rights and responsibilities. If Jerusalem continues to be governed by only one political authority, that means that the one who remains outside will nourish in his soul and heart the desire to come back and to enter Jerusalem again through war and violence.

Moreover, Jerusalem should have a special status in order to remain open to everyone at all times, whether in war or peace. Any single political authority could find itself one day or the other at war with other countries, as has been the case until now between Israelis and Palestinians and Arab countries. In such a case, Jerusalem will offer free access to friends but be inaccessible to enemies, as it was in the past and it is now. Today, because of security reasons, Jerusalem is not accessible to all Arabs, whether Christians or Muslims in Arab countries, or even the inhabitants of the surrounding Occupied Territories in the West Bank.

This special status should be designed and put in place by the local Israeli and Palestinian authorities, with participation by the local church. Jerusalem does not need to have an international status, but rather a local status guaranteed by the international community. It could be the historical privilege of Israel to give to Jerusalem today this special status, and thereby to give the Holy City a genuine and permanent stability, allowing the five components, two peoples and three religions, to share equally in it.

The Church of Jerusalem lives in a situation of political conflict between the peoples of the region, but also in a situation of ongoing reconciliation and peacemaking. It lives in a situation of dialogue and ecumenism, among Christians themselves and with Judaism and Islam. The vocation of the Church of Jerusalem, like the vocation of the Holy Land itself, is universal and ecumenical. Diversity will always remain one of its essential features. Everyone who lives there—Christians, Muslims, and Jews—have to find their way to a life worthy of their land, in order to constitute the one reconciled family of the Holy Land, despite all the differences of creed or national identity.

All those who love this land, including the peoples who live there, should work toward this reconciliation and toward the creation of one family; a family based on mutual respect and mutual recognition of the dignity given equally by God to every person and people. □

Kathleen Gunton Deal

To Be Water

always leaving
an element of everything
making music out of stones
God's idea after light
filling three-fourths of the world
silent, yet needed solvent
to cleanse and give delight
vestige of grace
to mingle with wine
to ascend and come again.

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Richard Alleva

THE MASTER MISSES

Scorsese's 'Casino'

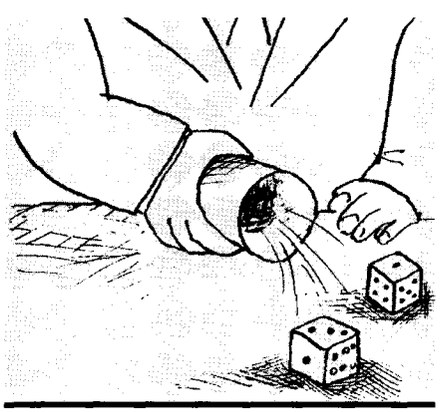
I don't entertain the slightest doubt that Martin Scorsese is a great filmmaker, but I'm beginning to wonder if he's a good one. To put it another way, this director, for all his command of cinematic lyricism, humor, melodrama, narrative drive, Dickensian vitality, Dreiserian naturalism, and operatic flourish, seems to lack common sense. And though a poet in full spate may do without common sense, a storyteller cannot.

Casino, his latest, is a big, gaudy, busy, rather amazing contraption, but rattling around inside it are nothing but a couple of little melodramas that would have been better filmed by unpretentious craftsmen like Don Siegel or Phil Karlson. It's not that these stories go untold or are told incompetently. (Scorsese forgot how to be incompetent a long time ago.) But they aren't truly connected to each other and don't fulfill the design of this wannabe masterpiece. Like a giant who has been afflicted with rickets, *Casino* is big and powerful but always on the verge of collapse.

The Las Vegas casino operated by the film's protagonist, Ace Rothstein (Robert DeNiro in his best vein of impacted rage), isn't just a gambling joint but a world unto itself, and it is the recreation of this world that gives *Casino* whatever fascination it has. A deluxe hotel, nightclub, restaurant, brothel, tourist attraction, and watering hole for criminals, the casino is above all a massive conveyer belt processing money out of the pockets of customers to the Kansas City vaults of its gangster proprietors. Not only does the movie traverse this main road of money but also the little side treks: the tips and bribes and skimmings and downright robberies. With Ace Rothstein as our narrator-guide, we take it all in, including the invasions of scam-artists whom Ace spots, blocks, and punishes. *Casino*, at its best, is a sort of how-to movie: How to get high-rollers to keep on gambling until they've lost all they won; how to cajole national and local politicians with sex from call-girls and jobs for their relatives; how to calm the local citizenry with good works and charitable contributions; how to keep the local cops happy. Scorsese's camera and Ace's narration draw us the most intricate yet lucid of diagrams. It's hard to think of any place or system so well explored and explained in any recent American film. *Casino* is to Las Vegas what *Moby Dick* is to whaling.

But accuracy of setting and richness of atmosphere aren't enough to keep a three-hour movie interesting. There must be a central theme and a story to convey the theme. To be sure, Scorsese and his co-scriptwriter Nicholas Pileggi (drawing upon Pileggi's concurrently released nonfiction book) have a theme and *three* stories. But only one of these plots embodies the theme and it's the least interesting of the three.

"When you love somebody, you've got to trust them." That's what narrator Rothstein tells us right at the start, and you can understand why Scorsese has picked this theme for this particular setting. The world of the casino is one in which everybody trusts nobody. Each employee is watched by whoever is one rung up on the ladder of command, and "the eye in the sky [the electronic eye] is watching us all." Trust in this environment can be life-endangering. Risks taken for the sake of love are the stuff of high drama.



But a risk taken out of stupidity is merely risible. And when Ace falls for Ginger (Sharon Stone, giving an energetic but rather hollow performance), his situation quickly becomes irritating rather than compelling. Almost the very first thing he tells us about her is that the other men who have known Ginger didn't "know what really moved her." Huge close-ups of heaps of jewelry tell us that Ace does. And yet, minutes later, Ace is telling Ginger, "I have to be able to trust you with my life." Say what? Trust somebody whose highest pride is in turning a dollar? Who, on her wedding night, phones the pimp who used and abused her? Who keeps running off to the pimp? Ace's trust finally turns into a compulsive need to dominate Ginger, and perhaps this psychosis was the real substance of his earlier, putative love. But, if so, what becomes of the theme of trust fighting for survival in a world of distrust? I'm not saying that Scorsese is supposed to depict only sensible people carefully choosing worthy lovers. Pages and stages have been memorably littered with the bodies of heroes and heroines loving not wisely but too well. Mark Antony knew the risks he was taking with Cleopatra and held the world well lost for love. That's dramatic. But the supposedly shrewd Rothstein latches onto the Bimbo from Hell and then whines that she's not a loyal wife. There's nothing dramatic about three hours of masochism.

The second plot has nothing to do with trust but with the territorial imperative. Ace turns against his former strong-arm man, the mad-dog killer Nicky Santoro (Joe Pesci), when the latter's free-lance crimes unfairly bring press and police down on the casino manager. This situation alone might have served for an effective, ninety-minute gangster movie, but, spread over a three-hour narrative and with no decisive showdown between Nicky and Ace (despite a confrontation in the desert staged as a clash of the titans but containing nothing but

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predictable threats), it fizzles.

Casino gets a quick shot of adrenaline in its last hour. Driven from his managerial post for firing the incompetent relative of a local bigwig, Ace refuses to knuckle under and rejects a less important position. Recklessly, he creates his own local cable talk show and broadcasts his wrongs, thereby infuriating the mob. Because we have seen Rothstein's pride in his work, have sensed his conception of himself as the custodian of an incredibly complete money-making machine, we understand this act of self-destruction very well, and it is dramatic because Rothstein's instinct for self-justification wars against his instinct for self-preservation. The idea of self-justification in defiance of convention, morals, and even reason is the burden of many Scorsese movies from *Mean Streets* to *Cape Fear*, and he handles it well (if sketchily) here. But if only he had zeroed in on it earlier.

Helping to keep *Casino* watchable is Scorsese's sheer facility. Though his use of multiple narrators becomes irritating and incoherent (Rothstein should have been the only narrator), his camera can still work wonders. When Ace first notices Ginger as she walks away from him in a gaming room, the director films this walk in slow motion and dims the casino's noises to emphasize Ace's wonderstruck concentration. So far, just standard movie lyricism. But then Scorsese and his sound editor do something cagey. The background clatter is brought back to its normal level but Ginger continues to walk in slow motion. The erotic fascination persists even when reality reasserts itself. Though the Ace-Ginger romance may finally come to nothing dramatically, at least it is well-established.

Or consider the pop music on the soundtrack. Scenes dominated by Ace feature the best saloon singers like Johnny Mathis and Dinah Washington, but the New York hoodlum, Nicky, is accompanied by Mick Jagger and other rockers. When Santoro's tactics threaten Ace's livelihood, rock 'n' roll gradually drives the nightclub headliners off the soundtrack. Neat.

So, once again, Scorsese has proved he can make great movie moments even when he isn't making a good movie. But how much longer will he do his rounds over territory he has explored to his heart's content but long past the point where he can discover anything new in it? Many of the characterizations here (especially Pesci's) are facsimiles of those in *Goodfellas*. And the violence has been escalated. Now that the director has shown a torture victim's eyeball exploding, what will he do for an encore?

Let there not be an encore. His 1993 adaptation of Wharton's *Age of Innocence* proved a refreshing departure for Scorsese, a stretch of his talent to accommodate the concerns of a very different artist. If Martin Scorsese must turn to adapting classics in order to grow, then, by all means, let him adapt. By all and any means, let him move on. □

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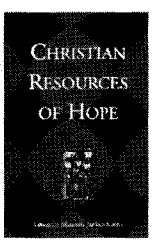

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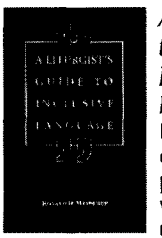

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Colin Powell's unfinished journey

My American Journey
Colin L. Powell with
Joseph E. Persico
Random House, $25.95, 643 pp.

Don Wycliff

Remember what Colin Powell said at the end of his speech last November announcing he wouldn't run for president?

"In one generation, we have moved from denying a black man service at a lunch counter to elevating one to the highest military office in the nation and to being a serious contender for the presidency. This is a magnificent country and I am proud to be one of its sons."

No wonder Powell is so popular with the American people. Especially white people. Rarely do they hear a black man express such sentiments. But Powell is also popular with black people, lukewarm poll results notwithstanding. Rarely do *they* see a black man confident and comfortable enough to say what most wish, in their heart of hearts, they could say with such sincerity. Especially the part about being "proud to be one of [America's] sons."

My American Journey is full of that sort of sentiment, which probably accounts for a good part of its success so far in the literary marketplace. There are echoes in it of some other famous biographies. Powell's account of his youthful employment mopping floors at a Pepsi-Cola bottling plant, for example, recalls a similar account in Booker T. Washington's *Up from Slavery*, right down to the drawing of a moral. ("By the end of summer, I was deputy shift-leader, and had learned a valuable lesson. All work is honorable. Always do your best, because someone is watching.")

But echoes aside, this is Colin Powell's story, a splendid, all-American story. He describes it as "the story of a black kid of no early promise from an immigrant family of limited means who was raised in the South Bronx and somehow rose to become the national security advisor to the president of the United States and then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff."

Powell's accounts of his exploits in those high positions are interesting, but it is the "somehow," the journey, that is more interesting and instructive. Historians will use Powell's recollections along with other accounts and documents and materials to construct full, scholarly accounts of the Gulf War and other such large events. But no one will be able to give us a fuller account of Colin Powell's personal American journey than he has.

Powell's way up was the military, which he and others have described—fairly, I believe—as the closest thing to a true meritocracy in American society. That it isn't a perfect meritocracy was demonstrated as recently as last month, when the General Accounting Office released a study showing a "statistically significant" disparity between actual rates of promotion for blacks in the military and the rates that would be expected based on their numbers in the services. But for Colin Powell it was a system that worked.

Powell discovered his calling in college, the City University of New York, where, he readily admits, he was an indifferent student. But he was avid about ROTC. His account of his initiation into the officer-training program in the fall of 1954 reads like an epiphany. His account of his discovery of the Pershing Rifles, the elite military society on campus, is almost rhapsodic:

> The discipline, the structure, the camaraderie, the sense of belonging were what I craved. I became a leader almost immediately. I found a selflessness within our ranks that reminded me of the caring atmosphere within my family. Race, color, background, in-

"Soldier on, dear!"

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come meant nothing. The PRs would go the limit for each other and for the group. If this was what soldiering was all about, then maybe I wanted to be a soldier.

And so he did. Time and again over the 643 (too many, really) pages of the book, Powell restates that all he ever really wanted to do was be a soldier. Important as they may have been, exciting and prestigious as they may have seemed to outsiders, all of his high-level jobs in civilian sectors of the government—including the national security advisor's post—were just digressions from his true vocation: soldiering. (Is there any wonder then, that in announcing he would not run for president in 1996, Powell contrasted his lack of enthusiasm for political life with the passion that he felt "every day" of his thirty-five years as a soldier?)

Why soldiering? To a people fewer and fewer of whom have any experience of military service, the love of the profession of arms may seem baffling. But read his rhapsody to the Pershing Rifles and his similar reflection on his tour as an infantry battalion commander in Korea—"late at night...I savor the intense camaraderie, the irrepressible characters, the coltish high spirits"—and the bafflement diminishes somewhat.

But a more interesting question is: Why soldiering for a black man? Powell himself acknowledges that there has always been "[a] certain ambivalence...among African-Americans about military service. Why should we fight for a country that, for so long, did not fight for us, that in fact denied us our fundamental rights?"

The answer, Powell says, lies in "a fact that gets too little recognition. The army was living the democratic ideal ahead of the rest of America. Beginning in the fifties, less discrimination, a truer merit system, and leveler playing fields existed inside the gates of our military posts than in any Southern city hall or Northern corporation. The Army, therefore, made it easier for me to love my country, with all its flaws, and to serve her with all my heart."

Recalling later an encounter with raw discrimination—he was refused service at a drive-in diner in Phenix City, Alabama—Powell reveals even more vividly his view of the Army as an oasis of fairness. "For me," he writes, "the real world began on the post. I regarded military installations in the South as healthy cells in an otherwise sick body. If I hurried, I could get to the snack bar or the officers' club before closing and be served, just like everyone else."

What is remarkable in the account of his Phenix City rebuff, and in many others on the subject of race and racism, is how mild Powell is in expressing his reactions. There are no paragraphs and pages of rage and anger. For Powell, such rejection became a propellant, fuel for his ascent. And that was the result of a consciously adopted psychological strategy:

> I did not intend to give way to self-destructive rage, no matter how provoked....Racism was not just a black problem. It was America's problem. And until the country solved it, I was not going to let bigotry make me a victim instead of a full human being. I occasionally felt hurt; I felt anger; but most of all I felt challenged. I'll show you.

Ultimately, Powell enjoyed the best revenge of all: success. It must have been a delicious moment when, in the waning days of the Bush administration, as a hero of the Gulf War and the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Powell, with his wife Alma, returned to Phenix City to have a street named after him.

> The mayor made a gracious speech and presented me with the keys to the city (the city where, in the old days, I could not get a key to a gas station men's room)....I had a street named after me where, previously, I would not have been allowed to walk freely. We had persevered, and we had lived the American dream.

Somehow, I suspect, Colin Powell's American journey is not yet finished. His American dream has a few more episodes to go. □

Don Wycliff *is editorial page editor of the* Chicago Tribune.

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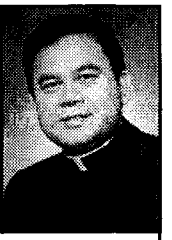

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HIGH PROFITS, LOW WAGES

Top Heavy
A Study of the Increasing Inequality of Wealth in America
Edward N. Wolff
Twentieth Century Fund Report, $9.95, 93 pp.

Global Village or Global Pillage
Economic Reconstruction from the Bottom Up
Tim Costello
South End Press, $14, 237 pp.

John Buell

Pundits and politicians regularly celebrate the "globalization" of our economy. They tell a tale of new products and prosperity. Arguably, however, this new global economy has been more successful in bringing third-world inequalities home to the U.S. than promoting equality abroad. The extent of these inequalities and what can be done to address them is the subject of two new works made even more timely by current Republican initiatives in Congress.

Edward N. Wolff's *Top Heavy* provides a superbly detailed discussion of wealth and poverty in the United States. Once more egalitarian than many European nations, the U.S. now has the most lopsided distribution of wealth in the industrial world. The top 1 percent of the social pyramid now holds an astounding 42 percent of all marketable wealth. Wolff's study also effectively challenges defenses of current U.S. economic policy such as that recently advanced by Michael Novak in the *Wall Street Journal*, ("What Wealth Gap?" July 11, 1995). Novak argues that when nonmarketable assets such as public lands, consumer durables, and pensions were taken into consideration, the average American is much better off than he at first appears. Wolff's study shows that even when such dubious factors are counted, inequality has grown substantially in recent years.

Great inequality places strains on a society even when the income of the poor is increasing. John Judis and Michael Lind pointed out in the *New Republic* (March 27, 1995) that today's economic extremes allow the wealthy to withdraw into their own "barricaded nation within a nation, a world of private neighborhoods, private schools, private police, and even private roads...." These privileged modes of escape often create new problems for the rest of society at the same time as they insulate and reduce the willingness of the wealthy to contribute to society as a whole. To be sure, literal economic equality is neither possible nor desirable. Nonetheless, when a few citizens are so wealthy they can buy their way out of widespread social problems while many others are too poor to participate effectively in social life, society loses a sense of community, of common goals and responsibilities.

When social critics make these arguments, they are accused of flaming the fires of class war. *Global Village or Global Pillage* by Jeremy Brecher and Tim Costello is indeed a work about class war—not of the poor against the rich but of the rich against the poor. Conventional textbooks tell us that breaking down tariff barriers allows nations to specialize in what they do best. Economies of scale will then lead to rapid advances for all.

But free trade's immediate effect today is to extend to capital a freedom it denies workers. Businesses enjoy the right of instant mobility for their physical plants and iron-clad protections for their "intellectual property" while workers and their rights are nontransferable. The new "free" trade agreements encourage a "race to the bottom," where governments and workers are often forced to cede bargaining power and rights within the workplace to match the lowest national standards. Brecher and Costello remark: "Downward leveling is creating a lose-lose negative sum game for the majority of people in all parts of the world."

Contrary to critics of economic equality, societies with great gaps in wealth and income suffer from slow rates of economic growth. Sluggish wages do translate into lower costs and higher short-term profits and savings for owners. This is supposed to encourage economic growth. However, low wages also mean low purchasing power and diminished educational opportunities. In a world of low consumption and dispirited and poorly treated workers, long-term profits decrease and the incentive to invest in new technologies diminishes.

Unfortunately, it is also true that this new world economy severely constrains the traditional liberal response to such problems. When the U. S. government builds new transit systems or hospitals, workers spend much of their new wages to buy goods from productive third-world plants where repressive business practices keep wages artificially low. High levels of U. S. government spending can no longer serve their historic "multiplier effect" of indirectly expanding jobs and reducing inequalities. The inability of tax-and-spending policies to ameliorate inequalities created by the new trade framework has done much to give liberalism its bad reputation.

Brecher and Costello recognize that job creation and taxing wealth are still important. Nonetheless, tax-and-spend agendas will only be fully effective within a new trade and labor framework which levels the playing field between labor and management both here and throughout the world. International trade treaties should require union protection, a minimum wage, limitations on work hours, and environmental standards. International financial institutions should fund high-wage jobs in the development of new environmentally friendly technologies in the third world. Dispute-resolution processes should be democratic, open to public participation, and backed by the power to exclude violators from the trading system.

Brecher and Costello's most distinctive contribution lies in an examination

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of efforts by grass-roots groups to slow the incursions of multinational capital and put more radical reform on the agenda. For example, historically protectionist U.S. textile workers convened an international conference which produced an agreement to support expanded trade with nations which ensure basic human and labor rights. Other worker-environmentalist coalitions have been able to spearhead successful campaigns to reform the labor and environmental practices of some multinational corporations as well as World Bank lending policies.

What is the relationship of these initiatives to more conventional efforts to win elections? Without new political leadership at the national level, even the best grass-roots efforts will have limited success. Domestic legislation on striker replacement would, for example, aid efforts to build international labor solidarity. In this global economy, it is imperative that citizens acquire a broader understanding of the connection of their own interests and concerns to larger social and political causes.

A progressive political movement, either within or outside the Democratic party, must mobilize America's millions of disenchanted voters. Those voters can best be reached by drawing upon the kinds of local activism undertaken by the environmental and union movements. Progressives can no longer afford the split between advocates of direct action and devotees of electoral politics. A new progressive politics must be democratic in its internal organization and committed to fostering the ongoing democratization of banks, unions, and corporations. These books make the need for and prospects of such a politics clearer. □

John Buell, *a former associate editor of the* Progressive, *is the author of* Democracy by Other Means: The Politics of Work, Leisure, and Environment *(University of Illinois Press).*

WHAT'S RIGHT?

Being Right
Conservative Catholics in America
Mary Jo Weaver and R. Scott Appleby, editors
Indiana University Press, $39.95, paper $18.95, 352 pp.

Patrick Allitt

Did Vatican II cheer up anybody in America? If so, they are keeping quiet about it. Catholic academics tend to grumble about continuing conservative rigidities in the postconciliar church but now two of them, Scott Appleby and Mary Jo Weaver, have gathered together the equally dissatisfied crowd that laments the council's radical outcome. In this collection ten authors, some of them mutually antagonistic and suspicious, describe and explain the ideas of the contemporary Catholic "right." The language of right and left, borrowed from secular politics, is not always suitable but it will have to do for lack of an alternative, especially now that "orthodox" and "traditionalist" have special meanings in the conservative camp.

Speaking for Catholic neoconservatives, the most influential of these groups, George Weigel defends the decrees of Vatican II but criticizes Catholics who justify their liturgical, theological, or political experiments in the name of the "spirit of the council." He sees Catholicism today beset by a crisis of faith and theologically adrift. Neoconservatives like himself, Michael Novak, and Richard John Neuhaus, he says, aim to write a theology which can take account of contemporary relativism without being paralyzed by it. They fight for a distinctive Catholic truth against the "proponents of debonair nihilism" and try to dislodge liberals from positions of authority. "In the name of an 'open church,'" he declares in one characteristic passage, "the liberal mainstream seem[s] to have effectively shut off critical debate within many of the key organizational structures of American Catholicism, imposing its own 'correct' positions with a vigor, indeed ruthlessness, that would have been familiar to any gangster-prelate practitioner of the old *Romanitá*." Weigel is confident that the Catholic neoconservatives' alliance with like-minded Protestants and Jews is profitable and religiously defensible. He affirms that John Courtney Murray, S.J., got it right when he argued that American democratic tradition depended on a "religiously grounded public philosophy capable of disciplining the public moral argument."

Most anti-abortion Catholics are also willing to ally with conservative Protestants and Jews, as Michael Cuneo shows in an excellent chapter on prolife militants. Cuneo explores the paradox that many prolifers see their "rescues" as a symbolic, public affirmation of their Catholic faith even as they link hands with born-again Evangelicals. Leaders like Judie Brown and the Reverend Paul Marx told him that during the 1980s they had lost interest in political coalition-building because stopping abortion was for them a spiritual crusade.

In contrast to neocons and prolifers, the traditionalists studied by William Dinges want as little as possible to do with Protestants and Jews. A minority of this minority, he shows, has lost faith in America itself, such that Lefebvrist Bishop Richard Williamson describes the republic as resting on "freemasonic principles profoundly hostile to religion." Dinges describes the awkward bind for followers of Marcel Lefebvre's Society of Saint Pius X who are constantly on the brink of schism from a church they want to venerate more than its actual guardians. Least known to the American audience are the "sedevacantists," traditionalists who argue that "the See of Peter is vacant because the current pope and his conciliar predecessors have advanced doctrines ('heresies')...that are 'plainly contrary' to the church's solemn teachings (which he

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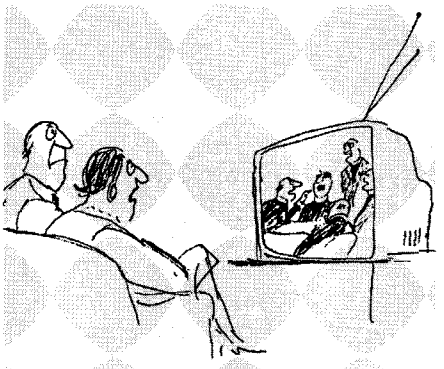
could not do were he a valid pope, since the charisma of the office preserves its occupant from promulgating error)." Dinges shows that more moderate conservatives fear this kind of nutty logic lest it discredit conservative Catholicism altogether. For moderates, John Paul II's *Mass indult* of 1984, which reinstated the Tridentine Latin Mass, was a timely concession designed to take the wind out of traditionalists' sails.

Are the traditionalists a dying remnant or will their convictions live on? A group of colleges and universities, surveyed here by Mary Jo Weaver, is working to keep the flame burning in new generations. When the mainstream Catholic colleges decided in 1967 to grant full academic freedom to their faculty they surrendered much of their Catholic distinctiveness. Warren Carroll, who founded Christendom College in Virginia in 1977, says that the Land O' Lakes conference at which that decision got made was a disastrous mistake. In his opinion "everything in a Catholic university should be taught from a Catholic perspective." Eager students agree, and vie with one another in pious learning. Their faculty members rarely attend conferences or publish in academic journals, with the result that, however pure their faith, they are unknown and uninfluential outside their own tight circle. By contrast James Hitchcock's Fellowship of Catholic Scholars, founded in 1977 and also described here, *does* engage in public intellectual controversy, staking out orthodox ground against academic historicists, theologians, and feminists.

Men dominate the collection, just as they dominate public Catholic life, but two chapters address women's concerns. In the first, Helen Hull Hitchcock explains her group, Women for Faith and Family. WFF's first job was to let the bishops know, as they drafted a pastoral letter on women in 1984, that some Catholic women love to be wives and mothers and deplore feminism. It has since grown to national dimensions and sprouted branches all round the world. In one nifty passage, Hull-Hitchcock shows that fax machines, modems, and conference-calls are all in effect "pro-family" technologies which can be used by the moms who run the group without leaving their homes. In another chapter, Sandra Zimdars-Swartz shows how a largely female Marian piety, which was displaced from the center of American Catholic devotional life after Vatican II, has enjoyed a conservative revival, especially since the Virgin spoke to a group of Medjugorje children in 1981.



"You'd think one of them would turn the other cheek."

For nearly everyone in this book, the opening of Vatican II in 1962 represents Year Zero, to which all things good or bad can be traced. No wonder the editors led off with Joseph Komonchak's article on competing interpretations of the council. Contributors' descriptions of preconciliar Catholicism tend to be hazy, exaggerating the degree of Catholic unity and harmony, as in Benedict Ashley's article on the recent decline of theological unity. Scott Appleby's fine chapter, "The Triumph of Americanism," is a useful corrective to this tendency. He shows that many of the tremors rattling church windows today can be traced back to the "modernist" and "Americanist" crises at the turn of this century, and that American Catholics of all stripes share the legacy of those seismic shocks. Allan Figueroa Deck, S.J., also contributes to a wider view by reminding readers that 35 percent of American Catholics today are Hispanic and that arguments about white Catholic liberalism and white Catholic conservatism look parochial when seen from such a vantage point. Together Appleby and Deck underline the very thing many conservatives fear: the increasing eclecticism of American Catholicism. □

Patrick Allitt *is the author of* Catholic Intellectuals and Conservative Politics in America: 1950–85 *(Cornell University Press). He teaches at Emory University in Atlanta.*

POLISHING THE GOLDEN DOME

Domers
A Year at Notre Dame
Kevin Coyne
Viking, $24, 352 pp.

Mary Lee Freeman

In his highly acclaimed *A Day in the Night of America* (Viking), about high school football in a small Texas town, Kevin Coyne combined a talent for astute observation of meaningful daily details with a penchant for soppy turns of phrase. Allowing Coyne to give these tendencies free rein on the 1,250 tradition-laden acres of the campus of the University of Notre Dame has resulted in a book of impressive scope and telling detail, but one also peppered with lines like these: "The morning light slanted into the empty nave through the tall stained glass windows. The dust motes caught in the sun's path were spotlighted in rainbow hues, like the floating stars a fullback sees after taking a sharp hit."

Coyne, in addition to being a journalist and free-lance writer, is also the grandson of a "subway alum"—one of the vast array of men and women who have never set foot on the campus of Notre Dame but who are fiercely loyal to her. On a quest to feed his curiousity about the university's mystique,

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Coyne attended the football games whose telecasts subway alumni never miss, but he then kept his tape rolling long after the NBC cameramen had packed up theirs. He stayed around to see Saturday's "Fighting Irish" become the rest of the week's "Domers" (as students call themselves, referring to the landmark golden dome that sits atop the administration building). *Domers* is rather like a 352-page version of the thirty-second promo spot one sees during televised football games—but with a journalistic kick. Coyne takes the reader to a cleric-led English seminar, a nationally reputed entomology laboratory, women's intramural touch football games, and volunteer tutoring sessions with South Bend gradeschoolers. And the journalist in him sees no reason to steer clear of contentious faculty meetings and administration building sit-ins. The back cover blurb indicates that Coyne had "unprecedented access to every corner of Notre Dame," and indeed it appears as though the only things to which he was not privy were trustees' meetings and investment decisions.

He didn't miss much. Working his way into the nooks and crannies that make up the Notre Dame experience, Coyne acquires an insider's feel for everything from administrative conundrums to the innuendoes and in-jokes of dormitory skits. A diverse cross-section of students, faculty, and staff is highlighted, and the soon-familiar names and stories allow for an appreciation of the rhythms and events of the academic year. Among those whom Coyne follows are Dana Ciacciarelli, an aspiring entomologist; Geoff Slevin, her engineering boyfriend; Corey Babington, rap artist and science-business major; Claire Johnson, ardent prolife activist; Father Bill Seetch, dorm rector; Steve Sabo, alternative rock DJ; and Jimmy Z, campus night cook and "Ultimate Fan." Coyne's keen and sympathetic eye is not unlike that of the master of the nonfiction participant-observer genre, Tracy Kidder (*House, Among Schoolchildren*).

Coyne does not comment on the subtleties of the current debate on the state of Catholic higher education. The often caustic discussions about Catholic character—discussions which were at times quite heated during his year on a campus "that attracts every stripe of Catholic, from severe traditionalists to vow-of-poverty liberals, all of whom, to some degree, expect Notre Dame to reflect their vision of Catholicism"—are recorded. Coyne attended a regular series of faculty meetings called "Conversation on the Catholic Character" and his faithful transcription of snatches of dialogue concerning hiring quotas, Catholic intellectual life, and the mission of the Catholic university are provocative without being sensational. His extracurricular talks with the gadfly scientist, the priest author of a memo that sparked an outcry, and presidents past and present, are balanced, frank and, at times, quite fascinating.

But like a lemming to the sea, Coyne is impelled to a certain nostalgic and credibility-straining portrait of the university that he considers "the nearest thing Catholic America has to a capital city." At Coyne's Notre Dame, students engage in "earnest, half-drunk arguments about Saint Thomas Aquinas" at Senior Bar; their families "leave the Volvos to the Ivies, [because] Notre Dame is a Detroit crowd"; and they toss out saccharine lines with all the aplomb of Father Chuck O'Malley:

> "Meet me for breakfast?" one student asked a friend as he left.
> "Promise me?"
> "Promise," the friend declared, blessing himself. "Swear to God."
> "Swear on the Dome?"
> "Swear on the Dome."

It gets to be a bit much. Even the leaves of campus trees are not immune—they don't just fall, they fall "like sins cast off at confession, signaling the arrival of a long, penitential South Bend winter." When Coyne runs out of unfortunate similes and metaphors, there is always night cook Jimmy Z to pick up the slack: "I'm absolutely driven with the idea that this is the only place in the world, that this is the Garden of Eden. You walk around the lake and look up at the Dome and you tell me the Garden of Eden is that beautiful."

Though Coyne handles the Catholicity issue—and others—well, the cotton candy mix of religiosity and hubris tends to overwhelm the palate. I suspect that *Domers* will discomfit many who love Notre Dame, and further exasperate those who have already had their fill of "high Domer bliss." □

Mary Lee Freeman *is a 1991 graduate of the University of Notre Dame, a former member of its College of Arts and Letters Advisory Council, and a former* Commonweal *intern.*

CATHOLICS HAVE SEX!

Sexuality and Catholicism
Thomas C. Fox
George Braziller, $27.50, 256 pp.

James R. Kelly

In his preface to *Sexuality and Catholicism*, Thomas C. Fox writes that Catholicism, once notable to members and outsiders alike for its confident certainties about itself and its beliefs, is entering a third millennium unsure of its own identity. Fox traces those identity problems to the church's teachings about sexuality and gender. The problem, ironically, is that the papal confidence in traditional formulations and its own authority, especially as exercised by John Paul II, has undermined our confidence in the church's credibility.

Fox's argument, familiar enough, is that the magisterium, counter to the judgment of most of the laity, many Catholic moral theologians, and even some bishops, reaches unpersuasive moral absolutes by discounting the relevance of experience and history and by

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employing an unrevised natural law approach that confuses the determinacies of biology with the indeterminacies of personal responsibility.

Despite his frequent use of the term, Pope John Paul II does not "dialogue." Rather, he futilely seeks to make his version of sexual orthodoxy a criterion for religious orthodoxy. Worse, he uses questions of sexual discipline and doctrine such as *Humanae vitae* as measures of loyalty, especially with regard to the clergy. Placing enormous explanatory weight on sexual issues himself, Fox argues that the divergence between lay experience, measured mostly through polls, and magisterial recalcitrance undermines church authority and lessens its presence in the world. Fox asserts rather than demonstrates the last part of this argument.

In his conclusion, Fox provides something of a representative summary of his charges and his tone:

> They [progressive Catholics] ignore a theology that fails to make distinctions in the gravity of sins. They ask how sexual intercourse with the use of a condom is always "an intrinsically evil" act. They ask how the use of a condom to prevent the spread of the AIDS virus, even within marriage, can be as morally wrong as passing the virus to another. They ask how artificial birth control can be regarded as evil in all cases and natural family planning can be viewed as good if the intention not to conceive a child is the same in each instance. They ask how a compassionate church can teach that gays and lesbians can never under any circumstances express sexual intimacy. They ask how the church can teach a host of sexual absolutes that never take into consideration circumstances. Can artificial insemination, even with a husband's sperm in order to have a child, be gravely wrong? The list could go on. "It just doesn't make sense," is the common response. Many Catholics raised in the faith hang on, disregarding the teachings. The young, more frequently, simply don't want to be bothered.

Fox is highly critical of papal tendencies toward enunciating moral absolutes and centralizing church governance, yet despite these dire trends he exhibits an almost bubbly confidence in the future of Catholicism. John Paul II is attempting a "restorationist" project that soon will be sympathetically but firmly rejected as "a reorganizing period before the church continues with its renewal journey" begun with the Second Vatican Council. This renewed forward journey, among other things, will include married and women priests.

Fox's language about the church sometimes veers backward to a recognizable Reformation confidence in grasping and revitalizing an untarnished core of Christianity which can be confidently separated from its institutional deformations. "Is there a place in the church," he asks, "for monarchical authority when Jesus himself repudiated political power and when Jesus and the earliest Christian generations needed to radically reinterpret the concept of Messiah...replacing it with the prophetic character of Jesus' ministry?"

Throughout this book, Fox's most often cited source is the *National Catholic Reporter*, where he serves with distinction as editor. In a way the book could serve as a primer for new subscribers. Readers learn that the Vatican occupies 108.7 acres, that Thomas Aquinas "wrote the book on natural law theology," that "Christians generally view Saint Augustine (354–430), bishop of Hippo in Roman North Africa, as the greatest teacher of Christian antiquity."

However, readers learn little of Augustine's hard-earned skepticism about things sexual or about sex's murky connections with power and control. The Vatican's prohibitions are the only kind of power and control exposed by Fox. Empirical data pointing more to Augustine's than to Fox's conclusions—say, studies of cohabitation and subsequent divorce or studies linking contraceptive use and abortion rates—don't find their way into these pages. In chapter 9 on "Population," Fox takes at face value the Clinton administration's claim that it did not intend to include more easily available abortion by promoting the much-debated term "reproductive health" at the UN's Cairo conference.

A failing of a different, but still important, magnitude is Fox's omission of that devout/bemused kind of Catholic irony once frequently heard in school yards but still available in translation in neighborhood bars and at bingo games. For instance, in chapter 8 on "Carnal Love," Fox divulges the utterly baffling news that, according to Andrew Greeley's data, Catholics enjoy sex more than most others. The data show "Catholics are significantly more likely to have sex weekly or more often than all others combined (*sic!*) and also more likely to have sex frequently than are liberal and fundamentalist Protestants." But don't Greeley's survey results run counter to Fox's principal argument? Given this data, one might be inclined to think that maybe moral absolutes are more fun than we postmoderns are allowed to think; perhaps (Freud might at least help here) they are necessary to stimulate erotic desires over the long run? Perhaps couples whose familiarity has dimmed their sexual zest should now be advised to slip into something more comfortable and read *Veritatis splendor*? Remembering the next morning, needless to say, to hide it from the teen-agers.

Or maybe not. We must, to be certain, await Greeley's or someone else's next study. At any rate, this much is certain. Thomas Fox's view of the church is perennially attractive. His focus never strays from the Jesus of the Gospels whom he finds constantly preaching forgiveness, who mostly tells us about his and our caring Father, and who himself rarely teaches about sex. Fox writes that "Decades, even centuries, from now church historians may look back at the Second Vatican Council's stress on God's love and mercy as its most lasting legacy." *Sexuality and Catholicism* aspires to contribute to that deep, rich, and complex Catholic legacy. We can't imagine a worthy church without such aspirations. □

James R. Kelly *teaches sociology at Fordham University.*

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Lawrence S. Cunningham

Helmut Thielicke (1908–86) was a well-known German Lutheran theologian and preacher. His mature life spanned the tumultuous days of the Weimar Republic, the period of National Socialism, and the postwar reconstruction. Thielicke's memory is blessed because of his resistance to Nazi ideology,

Notes from a Wayfarer,
by Helmut Thielicke
Paragon, $29.95, 422 pp.

a resistance which cost him his chair at Heidelberg (he spent the war years as a pastor and preacher). After the war he held a professional chair at Tübingen and for a time served as rector. In 1954 he went to Hamburg to found a theological faculty (interestingly enough, the establishment of a theological faculty was seen as a necessity to make Hamburg a "real university").

In 1964 he was called to Munich to a chair in which he would be the counterpart to his Catholic colleague, Karl Rahner. It was while he was in Munich that he was traumatized by the student revolts of 1967–68; an event which, in his mind, ruined the German university system in the name of democracy. We might note *en passant* how those events shaped a number of European intellectuals (Joseph Ratzinger comes immediately to mind).

The most interesting part of the book treats of Thielicke's life during the Nazi years. Mustered out of military service because of chronic health problems, he not only pastored a church but became a celebrated preacher in Stuttgart (which brought him into conflict on more than one occasion with the Gestapo), and, immediately after the war, a controversial figure because of his critique of the denazification processes of the Allies. It was only by a fluke that he was not arrested with those who participated in the bomb plot against Hitler during the war.

A goodly number of pages are devoted to a litany of important lectures given, prominent people met, and alliances made with industrialists to raise monies for academic enterprises. However, what is somewhat surprising is how little space is given to theological comment on the shaping events of his time. Thielicke pays no attention at all to the theological significance of the Holocaust (indeed, he barely acknowledges the persecution of the Jews beyond what he personally saw during the war years). In his account of the period of the 1960s he does not mention the Second Vatican Council. Catholic colleagues at Tübingen and Munich are mentioned, at best, in a tangential fashion.

Thielicke's memoir (for it is more memoir than autobiography) would interest anyone who would like a tour of German theological intellectual life in the twentieth century. I was particularly impressed by his lifelong fidelity to an academic and a church vocation; indeed, his reputation as a preacher probably outshines his reputation as a seminal theological thinker, although he was an early (and very perceptive) critic of Karl Barth. Thielicke was very much the German professor, but it was only after 1968 that he could see that a younger generation found the German professorate both an honored and a troubling position to have.

Readers of these notes know of the soft spot I have for reference books, both for the offbeat bits of information they provide and for the pleasure they afford as one passes an odd hour or two in their perusal. I have been reading desultorily here and there in Douglas's dictionary which, the blurb informs me, contains over 700 entries about people who "have touched the course of modern church history." Written from a decidedly conservative Protestant angle, the book is full of people I have never heard of (and that is delightfully instructional in itself), but whose influence from within their particular denominations I have no reason to doubt. The roster includes theologians, hymn writers, missionaries, evangelists, church leaders, hierarchs, etc.

Twentieth Century Dictionary of Religious Biography,
edited by J. D. Douglas
Baker, $24.95, 439 pp.

Unfortunately, examining the entries for Roman Catholic persons reveals the unevenness of this volume. If this work notes the late ecumenist Gustave Weigel (as it should) how does one explain the absence of John Courtney Murray, the architect of Vatican II's doctrine on religious liberty? Among the French, how can one omit the late Père D. M. Chenu or Jean Daniélou or Yves Congar or Henri Massignon? All exercise intellectual influence to this day while the popularizer Henri Daniel-Rops (who did make the list) is long forgotten.Where is the late John Tracy Ellis? Or novelists like Flannery O'Connor? Or figures like Dorothy Day? Peter Maurin?

The Orthodox fare better, thanks, I suspect, to having Stanley Harakas among the contributors (but why did the brilliant Russian theologians, Vladimir Lossky and Paul Evdokimov, get omitted?). As far as I can tell, no recognizable Catholic scholar was among the writers/contributors. That deficiency most likely explains the conspicuous

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omissions and, alas, indicates that not everything is done these days with an ecumenical evenness. On my scale of one to ten, this not uninteresting compilation gets a four.

Philip Sheldrake is one of the more sophisticated writers in the area of Christian spirituality. His *Spirituality and History* (Crossroad, 1992), already praised in these notes, is now a standard work. His present volume derives from his research interest in the relationship of spirituality and place. Drawing on the scholarly work of Nora Chadwick, Kathleen Hughes, and Lisa Bitel, this essay is an economical and highly readable meditation on the Christianity of Celtic culture.

Living between Worlds: Place and Journey in Celtic Spirituality,
by Philip Sheldrake
Cowley, $9.95, 114 pp.

There is a huge amount of romantic New Ageish blather written about Celtic religiosity. Sheldrake is correctly resistant to strolling into such green mists. He stays close to the sources, has a good eye for historical nuance, and a winsome prose style. With that combination of skills, he is able to be quite informative about Celtic monasticism (noting, for example, that such communities were, in instances, like villages which included married monks and their families), the character and role of Celtic crosses, the Celtic urge for pilgrimage and wandering as a dialectical counterpoint to monastic stability, and the lovely religious literature produced by these Christians.

Sheldrake is especially good on the tensions that existed in Celtic spirituality. Christian (monastic) life was located in seclusion, but not so isolated as to forbid interaction with people, just as it organized itself in a pattern that reflected the social construction of the population as a whole. The emphasis on pilgrimage and self-exile is a complex reality that had penitential elements, missionary ones, and a strong sense of trust in Providence. Finally, although the attention of this spirituality to the natural world has been romanticized in "green" (that is, ecological) terms, Sheldrake notes that the ancient Celts did not worry themselves *about* nature (such a modern anxiety relflects our own alienation from the natural world), but they did meditate profoundly about how to live *with* the natural world since, as he writes, "they lived in constant contact with it and could not afford to be disrespectful of it."

Living between Worlds reminds us that Christian spirituality is a complex reality whose study recovers for us forgotten or neglected insights in the living out of the gospel. Sheldrake is not insensitive to the darker elements of Celtic life (its ferocious penitential elements) and is equally careful not to go beyond what the sources tell us (for example, about the links between Celtic Christianity and the Druids). The result is a highly readable book which may lead the reader to seek out other works mentioned in the brief bibliography. One source I intend to look at is the recent edition of the *Carmina Gadelica*—a collection of texts that reflect the oral tradition of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; behind these texts may well stand an older stratum of Celtic prayers and devotions.

Michael Paul Gallagher works with the Pontifical Council for Culture in the Vatican. An Irish theologian whose writings on prayer I have much admired, he now turns his hand to the problem of unbelief in the contemporary world. His little work is a survey of recent writings on unbelief (he begins with Henri de Lubac's 1945 book *The Drama of Atheistic Humanism*). Part of Paulist's series *What Are They Saying about...*, this book provides a overview of a half-century of writing by theologians on the culture of atheism.

What Are They Saying about Unbelief?
by Michael Paul Gallagher, S. J.
Paulist, $6.95., 84 pp.

Besides de Lubac, who wrote with an eye on the French existentialists, Gallagher has a separate chapter on Karl Rahner's many essays on the "deep" meaning of the loss of a sense of transcendence. Rahner moved from framing the issue of unbelief in terms of the problem of the concept of God to the more fundamental question concerning how the very *meaning* of God is being lost in modern culture. In that same chapter, Gallagher briefly adds the work of Johannes B. Metz, Walter Kasper, and the Protestant, Dorothy Sölle, who refine the work of Rahner.

From the North American perspective, Gallagher rightly brings to the center of his discussion Michael Buckley's fundamental book, *At the Origins of Modern Atheism* (1987). Buckley argues, persuasively, that the modern attempt to "prove" God's existence, apart from any consideration of religious experience or Christology, had the unexpected consequence of narrowing the discussion into a philosophical argument whose cogency diminished with the rise of science—an argument not unlike that made by James Turner, in his work on American unbelief, whose conclusions were not that different from Buckley's, to wit, that the guardians of belief undermined credibility.

Two other chapers sketch out attempts to enter into dialogue with the world of unbelief with particular efforts made in Canada and France, as well as the contributions made by Hispanic theologians who have brought the perspective of liberation theology to the table. A brief epilogue highlights the efforts of Cardinal Carlo Maria Martini in Milan to evangelize his diocese within the context of the culture of unbelief.

This is a very brief work which makes no claim to an *au fond* discussion of this vexing issue for the world of believers. What is does provide, however, is an overview that frames the issues intelligently (for example, the difference between theoretical and practical atheism; the partial attempts of Vatican II to discuss the issue of unbelief; the possible resources of apophatic theology; etc.) and gives some indications of how the church should respond to the problem.

Those responses might well be diverse: from a Barthian proclamation of the revealed word to an unbelieving world to a deep encounter with the challenge of atheism. It would be foolhardy to think, however, that the evident reli-

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giosity of the American people negates the seriousness of the problem of modern atheism. Gallagher indicates what the problematic is and points out how two generations of Catholic thinkers have attempted to come to grips with it. The "select bibliography" at the end of the volume would give a first beginning to those who would like to flesh out the survey which Gallagher gives us in this handy little book.

McGrath is a much-published Evangelical theologian who teaches at Wycliffe College (Oxford). In this book, formed from a series of lectures he has given on both sides of the Atlantic, he sets out two tasks: one is both to affirm the intellectual and spiritual vigor of Evangelical Christianity and, second,

Evangelicalism and the Future of Christianity,
by Alistair McGrath
InterVarsity Press, $16.95, 209 pp.

to point out some dangers within the movement. "Evangelical," of course, is a protean term, but for McGrath it means the Christianity which affirms the supreme authority of Scripture; the lordship of Jesus Christ as man and God; the lordship of the Holy Spirit; the need for personal conversion; the necessity of both personal and social evangelization; and the importance of Christian community.

McGrath writes some elegant pages distinguishing Evangelical Christianity from fundamentalism while arguing that liberal Christianity has had its day and that the future of the (Protestant) church rests with the Evangelicals. He is also a sympathetic, if critical, observer of Roman Catholicism. McGrath is not overly *parti pris* with respect to his fellow Evangelicals, noting their tendency to schism, rigidity, and lack of interest in their historical and spiritual roots.

What most caught my attention in this very informative work were McGrath's remarks about the need for a deepened Evangelical spirituality. He notes that those who commit themselves to an Evangelical life (he is writing of his students at Oxford) tend to find little spiritual nourishment from within their own tradition. This leads them to seek their spiritual sustenance from Catholicism. That insight I can confirm from my own limited experience. For that reason, McGrath himself is at work on a foundational study of spirituality which, when completed, should be a book worthy of serious attention.

Anyone interested in one of the most vigorous strands of Christianity would find this a book full of good sense and written in an irenic style. It taught me a good deal. □

Lawrence S. Cunningham *is chair of the department and teaches theology at the University of Notre Dame.*

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 4)

cil, but rather a Vatican office, the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, that has decided to claim to throw the cloak of infallibility around a particular practice. It is, I am afraid, actions like this attempt to suppress discussion of difficult questions that give rise to what Pius IX saw as "the pest of indifference," especially about the church's teaching authority.

Perhaps those who believe in the imposition of authority rather than free discussion should turn to Acts 5:34-39, and read about the wise Gamaliel, who warned the Sanhedrin to take no action against the Christians. For, as he said, "if this movement of theirs is of human origin, it will break up of its own accord; but if it does in fact come from God you will not only be unable to destroy them, but you might find yourselves fighting against God." Early tradition held that Gamaliel was a Christian; but whether Christian or Jew, he must have been a man of extraordinary common sense: a characteristic much more rare among us than claims to infallibility.

NICHOLAS R. CLIFFORD
New Haven, Vt.

The winner is Wycliff

In the David R. Carlin–Don Wycliff face-off on Louis Farrakhan [November 17, 1995], I think Mr. Wycliff scored a knockout. He made clear why this march was so successful, and the role Farrakhan plays in the African-American community, a community that has been besieged in this country by slavery, Jim Crow, economic subjugation, political impotence, inept do-gooders, a disastrous and hated welfare system, and, today, drugs, violence, and continued economic limitations.

It is important to maintain eternal vigilance against hate; yet we have to measure the ability and intent of those who have shown evidence of anti-Semitism to do real harm, and to judge whether, in fact, there is also evidence of a sincere desire to move beyond past positions and assertions.

I believe those leaders in the Jewish community who have refused to meet with Farrakhan should reexamine what they hope to accomplish thereby. He has shown that he is the single black leader who can mobilize African-Americans after decades of inertia. Yes, his past statements are hateful, but I believe in redemption.

JOSEPH D. POLICANO
Luquillo, Puerto Rico

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WHERE DOES THE TIME GO?

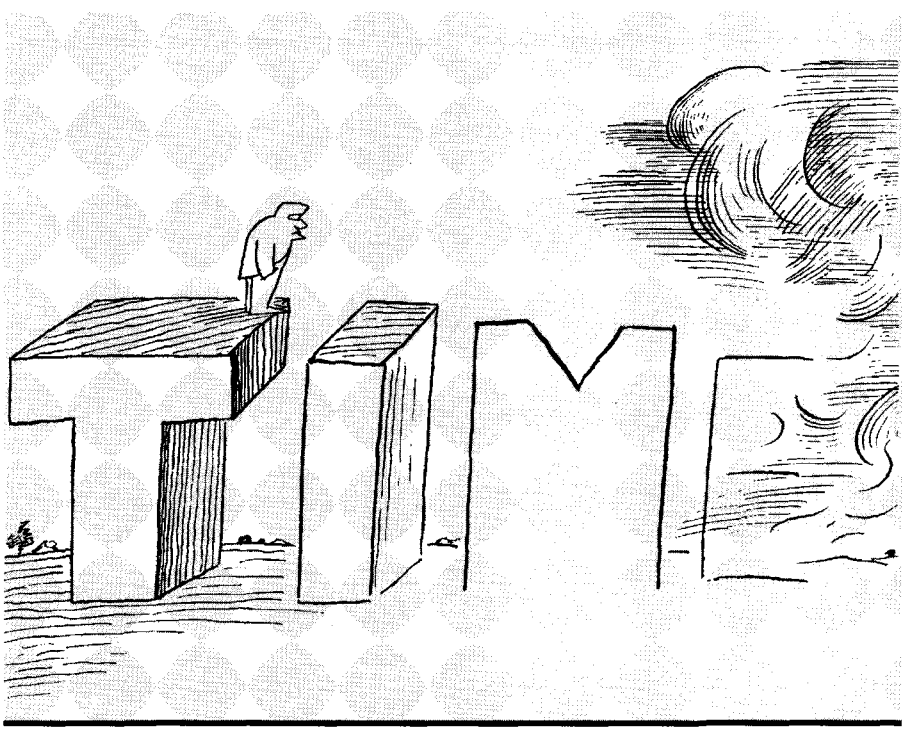
Ernest W. Ranly

It's more than some obscure psychological law of association. It's more like some kind of mystical connection, some sorcerer's logic, almost a type of Zen koan.

It began last week when a honeymooning couple from Chicago was in Lima, Peru, while on a tourist junket to exotic places like Iguazu Falls and Machu Picchu. The bride tried to explain her view of time and the man said, "Aw, you have such crazy ideas!" But it wasn't a crazy idea to me, and it set me off on a series of what I call "mystical associations."

For one thing, I began recalling winters at the major seminary in rural Ohio, where our third-floor rooms looked out upon empty farm land and (before aluminum storm windows were invented) the west wind fairly roared through the loosely fitted glass window panes. The cold entered our rooms unhindered. And once inside, the warm air escaped through the keyhole of the inside door, but the cold itself remained there, piling up like drifts of snow or clouds of cold steam. It's not only that we felt the cold in our bones, but more, we could almost see the cold filling up the room with a great density and intensity. Cold itself does not occupy space as such and, therefore, with the air escaping through the keyhole, the cold just stayed there, increasing and multiplying like some glob from outer space.

Then I thought about that theory of sound which says that sounds are physical waves and that they go out into space indefinitely and that all sound is still traveling through space. By this theory, if one could go faster than sound, one can overtake, say, the sounds of the battle of Gettysburg and out there in space somewhere one can hear all the sounds as they actually occurred on July 3, 1863.



Anyway, what Judy actually said, sitting there in a small fishing village south of Lima as breakers came crashing through a cave in the rocks, was this: "Everyone asks: Where does time go? I have this idea that there is a space somewhere and all time goes there and it accumulates there and somehow we will all get there and at our leisure we can re-examine and re-live all 'the times' we've had."

We were snacking on a mixed seafood platter called Jalea. John thought Judy's idea was crazy. Even on his honeymoon, he thought it was a crazy idea.

But I liked it. I think it's a good postscript to the tenth chapter of Saint Augustine's *Confessions* where he says: "If no one asks me, I know what time is. But if you ask me, then I don't know what time is."

But why not? Time is all piled up somewhere, like all that cold in my seminary room. And eternity is having the simultaneous and unending opportunity to put all the times together in any combinations we like.

It's what the prophets have always done with their loss of perspective on time. So Mary puts the time of the Resurrection before the time of Christ's birth and, as one legend has it, one of the Three Kings arrives at the time of the Crucifixion. With my parents, I can enjoy their wedding day. There is no end to the possibilities. Imagine the time that John and Judy had on their honeymoon.

We simply must get out there faster than time, to get ahead of it, to get to that place where time goes. □

Ernest W. Ranly, C. P P. S., *is a missionary priest in Peru. His last piece for* Commonweal *(July 17, 1992) was "A Spirituality for the End-time," a theological reflection on living amidst the terror of the Shining Path guerrillas.*

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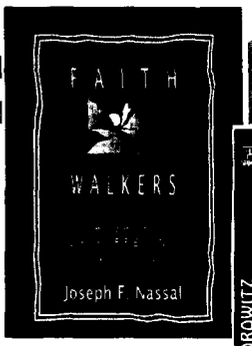

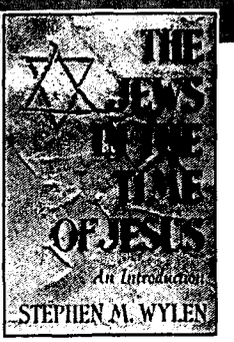

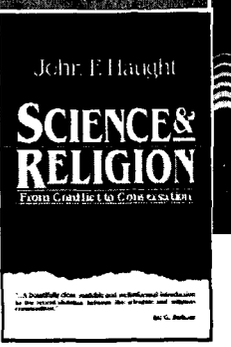

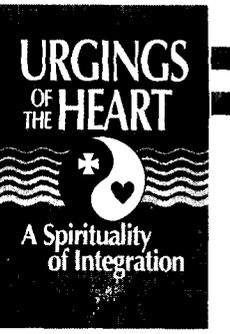

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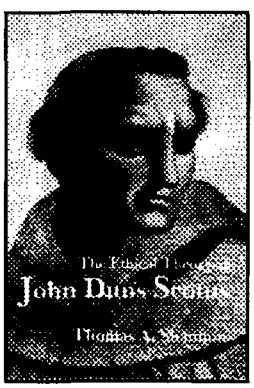

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